

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 25, 1973 60 CENTS

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Contents

JUNE 25, 1973 Volume 38, No. 25

Cover photograph by James Drake

16 Battle of the Ages

Just when it seemed as if the U.S. Open might have its oldest winner, young Johnny Miller blazed home with a 63

22 The Short and the Long of It

Little Rick Wakluster and big Steve Williams cut their fields down to size in the national AAU track championships

24 Mound of Trouble for the Reds

Cincinnati's hitting has been weak but its pitching has been awful. The NL champs hang close and keep hoping

30 Last of the Big-Time Amateurs

With her slambang, highly emotional game, Virginia Wade is close to the heart of every weekend tennis player

42 Dead Men Write No Poems

A series of crashes, including his own, convinced him that the only happy poet is a living one

56 Clean Wins for Determined Non-Jerks

Fred Love and Phil Grippaldi heaved just enough harder with the weights to lift U.S. titles

70 Was There an Addax in the Erg?

A band of tourists, guided by a Tuareg with conjunctivitis, crossed the Sahara in Land Rovers to find out

The departments

13 Scorecard

48 People

50 Baseball

56 Weight Lifting

62 Crew

68 Harness Racing

83 For the Record

84 19th Hole



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Credits on page 13

Next week

AS PENNANT VISIONS dance as the buds of Yankee fans, Bobby Murcer, Ron Blomberg, Sparky Lyle & Co. come up against tough Detroit and Baltimore. Bill Leggett reports.

THE ROAR AND SNARL of cycles in full chase will mark the debut in the U.S. of world championship motocross. Bob Jones describes the noisy proceedings from Carlsbad, Calif.

BLOWN IN TWO is Bob Hayter, who was a whor on the pro track tour, is about to start his ninth season with the Dallas Cowboys and is a big exec with Consolidated Wag-

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A full-page photograph of a vast, layered landscape. The hills are composed of distinct horizontal bands of reddish-brown and green, suggesting different geological strata or vegetation. In the lower right foreground, a lone rider on a horse is visible, facing away from the viewer and looking out over the landscape. The rider is wearing a light-colored shirt and dark pants. The overall scene is one of solitude and natural beauty.

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BOOKTALK

Three bird books of a very different feather do go perfectly well together

The species of bird known as Hammond's Flycatcher (*Empidonax hammondi*) was named for William Alexander Hammond, an amateur ornithologist, a neurologist and former Surgeon General of the United States "who was unjustly dismissed from his office by Secretary of War Stanton." So we are informed by Edward S. Grisson's *Words for Birds* (Quadrangle, \$8.95).

Words for Birds ought not to be consumed at one sitting. It should be turned to like a bowl of peanuts (which ought not to be consumed at one sitting either) or kept on the shelf as a unique reference work. Birds and characters dart in and out of the text. All the gifted and marvelously zany old-time naturalists are here, ranging from Charles Lucian Bonaparte, Napoleon's nephew who lived in Philadelphia for a spell (thus Bonaparte's Gull, *Larus philadelphiae*), to Brother Matthias Newell (Newell's Shearwater, *Puffinus newelli*), a missionary to Hawaii who wound up dying at the University of Dayton, a school best known to college basketball fans.

If an inordinate number of 19th century ornithologists seem to have been army doctors, it is because Spencer Fullerton Baird (Baird's Sandpiper, *Actitis bairdi*) planned it that way. A thoroughgoing bird nut himself, Baird was married to the daughter of the Inspector General of the Army, and he saw to it that surgeons sent west to frontier posts or to accompany surveys were all enthusiastic natural historians.

Admittedly this explanation does not account for the achievements of Samuel Thomas von Soemmerring (Copper Pheasant, *Syrnoides uropygialis*), "a noted German anatomist of the late 18th and early 19th centuries." Von Soemmerring wrote a paper "on the effect of corsets on tissues, and another a polemic against the use of the guillotine as a means of carrying out capital punishment. Not the least interesting of Soemmerring's work are his studies that attempt to show that the brain is not a vital organ." Regrettably, Author Grisson does not explore the possible connection between these last two propositions.

Finally, there seems to have been no way to account for Pierre Lænéthe Théodore Ballieu (Palla Puffinosa Redpoll), of whom Grisson says, "we know very little," adding that "He was obscure enough for people not to care that they spelled his name wrong."

All in all, Edward Grisson's *Words for Birds* can be summed up as an ornithological, etymological, biographical and historical

guide to 800 North American species. In other words, it is a work of trivia of the highest sort.

Burton L. Spiller's *Grouse Feathers* and *More Grouse Feathers* (Crown, \$7.50 each) are Yankee classics, similar in spirit, I will say at the risk of exaggeration, to Turgenov's *Sportsmen's Sketches* or Sergei Aksakov's *Years of Childhood*. Now repeated once again, these are books written with humor and unaffected grace by a man whose lifelong madness has been the ruffed grouse, the wisest and dumbest bird of all. "I am aware that a number of staid and conservative citizens in my community look upon me as a fit candidate for an asylum," Spiller writes toward the end of *More Grouse Feathers*. "They argue, and perhaps rightly, that any middle-aged man who spends two months of each year in chasing a bird dog around the woods has something far more serious the matter with him than mere eccentricity."

"In times past, before they learned to accept me as incurable, several of them tried to reason with me; and to the last man these self-appointed evangelists based their arguments on the financial loss I sustained by indulging my fancy. Their logic was unsound, but they all shook their heads sadly and departed when they found that I could not comprehend the fact that a bundle of green-tinged paper constituted wealth."

A book should be judged on its own merits, but it is worth noting that Spiller, who is now 86, is a man of little schooling who learned blacksmithing from his father. For a number of years he worked as a welder and machinist in a New Hampshire mill, and he was into his 40s before he began to write, "trying," a friend notes, "to put on paper the feelings he had about grouse and the men and the dogs who hunted them." He tried and he succeeded.

Very different is Paul S. Bernstein's *The North American Waterfowl* (Superior Publishing, Seattle, \$14.95), one of those non-literary ("several things can put Mr. Honker in the roasting pan") nuts-and-bolts, how-to books that U.S. outdoorsmen seem currently to list after. For detailed information on the construction of blinds (pans, natural rock, pilbox, tank, floating) or plowing feed or running a duck club, turn to this book. There are charts giving the volume, pitch and recommended quacks per second for calling ducks, and directions for obtaining a long-playing record of Harry Dye's six-hour duck-calling class condensed to a mere 40 minutes. If you happen to need it there is even a section on dynamiting, but be warned that it begins "Dynamite itself is now hard to come by. With all the militiamen running around, many states have imposed rather stringent laws pertaining to its use."

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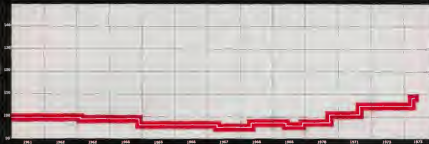


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SCORECARD

Filed by ROBERT W. CREANER

THE PATERNO ADDRESS

Joe Paterno, who turned down a \$1.3 million contract with the New England Patriots to remain as head football coach at Penn State, was awarded the signal honor last week of being asked to deliver the principal address at Penn State's commencement exercises. After apologizing ("You have every right to feel let down that after four years of hard work you have to listen to a coach at your graduation"), Paterno made some salient points: "The fact that there was generous praise from many places for my decision to remain at Penn State made me wonder just how strong our commitment to materialism had become," he commented. And, "One of the tragedies of Watergate is to see so many bright young men, barely over 30, who have so quickly prostituted their honor and decency in order to get ahead, to be admired, to stay on the team." And, "I'm sure it is obvious to all of you that you are going out into a fragmented, disillusioned and oftentimes confused society: a society that has promised more than it is now willing, or perhaps able, to deliver. . . . There is corruption, fear, mistrust, lack of leadership, unequal justice, privileged economic groups, all the abuses you would expect in a nation without consistent direction [or] common purpose [or] a people unsure of moral commitments."

Then, as a commencement speaker should, Paterno turned to hope. He quoted W. H. Auden on the death of Sigmund Freud ("Every day they die among us, those who were doing us some good, and know it was never enough. . .") and said, "You may not make our society perfect, but you can make it better."

He said, "We will never again have supreme confidence that everything we do is right, not after Vietnam and Kent State . . . but we can stop tearing ourselves apart. We shall act with good intentions, but at times we will be wrong. When we are, let us admit it and try to right the situation. . . ."

"I tell my team: keep hustling. Go all

out on every play no matter how bad things look, because if you keep hustling something good will happen. And usually it does."

"So keep hustling. You'll do all right. And enjoy yourselves, enjoy life. Have some fun. Maybe you will be the uncommon man who can do more than anyone, but in any case do as those two great losers in life, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, did. Have a hell of a good time doing it."

CADDIE CRISIS

Caddies are a rapidly disappearing species in the U.S., but in South Africa it's the other way round. It is reported that so many caddies descended upon the Kensington Golf Club in Johannesburg that clubs, whips and an electrified truncheon were used to keep them away. The caddies then reversed their field and boycotted Kensington, charging that 150 of them who came to the club were rounded up and corralled in an enclosure with a guard dog. "Strict security measures have been necessary to maintain discipline," explained Arthur Huggert, secretary-manager of the club.

There is such an insistent demand for caddying assignments that the once-coveted post of caddie master is now avoided as a "death job." A caddie master was murdered last year, presumably by a frustrated caddie who was not given work.

PARLAY

Les Austin, who owns a Miami bar and also thoroughbred racehorses, claimed a 3-year-old colt for \$7,500 at Calder Race Course. The colt fell during the claiming race and had to be destroyed. Under the rules the colt belonged to Austin from the moment the race began, and he had to pay for it. While this happens in racing from time to time, the incident was particularly galling because it was the first time in the three-year history of Calder's all-weather racing surface that a horse had to be destroyed.

Five races later Austin could not lo-

cate his 6-year-old gelding, Copper Miner, in a fast-moving field and thoughts of another spill flashed through his mind. All that had happened, however, was that Copper Miner refused to leave the gate when the race started.

His gala day over, Austin muttered, "I think I'll get a little drunk in my own place tonight."

BY THE BOOK

Now the thing is, gang, we're a team. We pull together. I don't care about long hair or short hair, whether you're far out or straight arrow. Just as long as you all know we're in this thing to win. We're a team. Right? Right!

And then the assistant coaches started to turn out books, and now Colorado State University's football squad has to live with the fact that it is not one team but two: these fellows over here are the offense and those over there are the defense, and never the twain shall meet—except passing each other running on and off the field after a turnover.

To be specific, Colorado State's new Offensive Coach Doug Gerhart (offen-



sive coordinator in the ornate idiom of big-time football) has written a book called *Coaching an Explosive Passing Attack*. The work modestly professes to be a reliable guide to establishing an unstoppable pass offense. The dust jacket blurbs, "... the battle plan for mobilizing the quick-striking air offense . . . provides a blueprint for a passing attack that can score against any set-up."

"Any" is not italicized, but it might as well be. Or so it might seem to Colorado State's new Defensive Coach Charley Arney (sorry, defensive coordinator). Arney has turned out his own

restaurant

book, somewhat less explosively entitled *Winning Football with the 43 Defense*. The promise in Arney's book is counterproductive to that in Gerhart's: "Adjust to and tear apart every offensive game situation," the cover blurb declares. "Get the incredible flexibility you need in order to destroy everything your opponents' offenses throw at you!"

The first thing the casual reader feels is, Colorado State is going to win every game 111-0. The second thing is, what a battle it will be if only you could see Colorado State's offensive unit in action against Colorado State's defensive unit. And the third thing is, Colorado State better not be 1-10 again this year.

TEMPER, TEMPER, TEMPER

Florida's Attorney General, Robert Shenvin, has ruled that the use of live rabbits to teach greyhounds to chase the mechanical bunny during races makes a perpetrator guilty of cruelty and liable to six months in jail and/or a fine of \$1,000.

Asked for his reaction to the ruling, Ralph Ryan, successful owner and trainer of greyhounds, overreacted. "I have no opinion on the ruling. There's too much written about this thing already by you no-good sportswriters." Asked by a no-good sportswriter whether he used live rabbits, Ryan burst out, "No, I use sportswriters like you, and when we get a broken-down dog we give him a typewriter."

EQUAL JUSTICE

This sort of thing has happened before—a college basketball player suspended for violating NCAA rules by playing in unauthorized games during the off-season—but the punishment seems unduly harsh in the case of Jim Bradley, a potential All-America from Northern Illinois University. Bradley, 6'10" and a superb rebounder, has been barred from college competition until Jan. 1, 1974, which means he will miss his team's first nine games. The reason? He returned this spring to the Gary area in Indiana, where he grew up, to play basketball for an organization trying to raise funds for youth work among ghetto kids. The off-season competition was not recognized by the NCAA, and Bradley had agreed to play in it under an assumed name. "As long as the kids know it's me," the idea being to show the youngsters a local kid who had broken the ghetto pattern through excellence in sport.

Bradley knew he was breaking the rule and so did the unknown person who reported the violation, and technically the suspension is justified. The NCAA has difficulty policing such tournaments in any case, and often ignores them. It could not ignore Bradley and enforce the rule. But, philosophically, such Draconian justice seems sadly out of line. Right now college players have NCAA approval for tours of Red China and Spain, where they will be doing good work and will have all expenses paid. Bradley did good work on his own, paid his own expenses to get there and got zapped for doing it.

The rule was established to protect players from the unsavory types who hung around the high-powered summer leagues. Perhaps the NCAA should take the initiative and amend the rule so that it works with, instead of against, worthwhile off-season basketball competition.

BEYOND DN

Not the designated hitter but limited substitution is proving to be the new thing in high school baseball, says David Arnold of the National Federation of State High School Associations. "Iowa has used it for years," says Arnold, "and now all of the state associations that use National Baseball Alliance rules have limited substitution."

The rule says that any of the nine starters may leave and reenter the lineup once, as long as the player returns to the same spot in the batting order. Once a substitute is taken out he cannot return. A substitute pitcher must remain on the mound until he disposes of the batter (or a base runner is picked off).

"It brings baseball closer to football and basketball, which have free substitution," says Ward Brown of the Indiana High School Athletic Association. "One of the reasons for school athletics is to get as many boys competing as possible so the game becomes fun, and not strictly a win-or-lose proposition."

Ken Schreiber, a high school coach in La Porte, Ind., Charles O. Finley's hometown, says, "Finley was all for this kind of thing, but I was apprehensive about it at first. I thought it was too drastic and that it would change the whole nature of the game. I'm a believer now, I'm not for completely free substitution, but limited substitution is good. It's getting a lot more kids into the game. We have one who has only two official at bats, but he's stolen six bases and scored eight

runs. We use him as a pinch runner for our clean-up hitter, and his quickness has won us three one-run games."

CHUGARUM

"I'm a member of the San Francisco Fire Department," writes Richard P. Allen, "and for the past three years the department has sponsored an entry in the annual jumping frog contest in Calaveras County. This year's entry, Spitfire III, jumped respectably but did not get past the qualifying round. Even so, his performance is being hailed as a tremendous victory because of what happened to our frogs the two previous years. Spitfire I looked like a real winner, so good in fact that the training team arrived days ahead of time to pick out a campsite and build an artificial pond where Spitfire could stay until the big day. Everything went well until the night before the contest. After tucking Spitfire in the team went out to celebrate an almost certain victory. When they returned much later they were horrified to find that a raccoon had gotten into the pond and disposed of our hero. The next year the department returned with Son of Spitfire. When members of the team went out celebrating the night before the contest, they prudently took Son of Spitfire along with them. But hours later, as they rolled out of the last bar, they forgot all about Son, and when they went looking for him the next morning they found him dead on a barstool."

"So you can see why we are all so happy around here that Spitfire III was able to compete at all. He's splashing around some pond up in Calaveras County now, having been turned loose after his performance, the feeling being that he had a hell of a better chance of surviving on his own in the wilds than with a group of drunken firemen."

THEY SAID IT

• Pepper Rodgers, UCLA football coach, on his 1973 schedule: "I'd much rather open with Alaska than Nebraska. Unfortunately, Alaska doesn't give a very big guarantee."

• Bob Lilly, Dallas Cowboy defensive tackle, admitting his 1973 salary will largely be in deferred payments: "I never thought my biggest worry would be income taxes."

• Richard Petty, one of the NASCAR drivers who have refused to race at Indianapolis: "A man must want money awful bad to drive there."

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There is no better way to become an overnight, instant, presto, matinee idol in golf than to put yourself somewhere back in the Allegheny hills—about 12 coal mines and six roadhouses behind everybody seriously trying to win the U.S. Open championship, including a modest cast of Lee Trevino, Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus, Gary Player, Julius Boros and Tom Weiskopf—and then come cruising along with your golden hair fluttering in the breeze, young, handsome and trim, and knock them all sideways with the most wonderful round of golf ever played. Meet Johnny Miller (*revvvrrrr*), the proud owner of a 63 at Oakmont, the young man who demolished the famous old course and all those famous people last Sunday with his miraculous finish.

What most guys do when they realize they are six strokes and 12 players behind starting the last round of the Open, especially when most of those players are immortals, is shoot a 73 or something, grab their \$1,700 and head for the airport. But what Johnny Miller did was go out roughly an hour ahead of the leaders and birdie half the golf course—exactly half the golf course, nine holes—and turn in the lowest single round in the 73-year history of our most important tournament.

It was one of those days that will be remembered in golf until some vague time in the future when even-birdie barely makes the cut and the Open is played on Venus. For the sake of posterity let us examine Miller's round blow by blow, for there is not likely to be another like it for a few decades. It was simply exquisite golf, nothing less. No shots bouncing off hot-dog sheds or tree trunks or sailing out of bunkers into the cups. Just golf, the way it ought to be played by one of the true stylists on the tour, a

It seemed as if the U.S. Open might have its oldest champion, then young Johnny Miller embarrassed historic Oakmont with his disrespectful 63

by DAN JENKINS

dashing young man of 26 with a fine big swing and easy tempo.

Here is how it went: a three-iron and a five-foot birdie putt on the 1st, a nine-iron and one-foot birdie at the 2nd, a five-iron and a 25-foot birdie at the 3rd, a sand shot and a six-inch birdie tap at the 4th, a six-iron and two putts for a par at the 5th, a three-iron and two putts for a par at the 6th, a nine-iron and two putts for a par at the 7th, a four-wood at the 8th that missed the green, followed by three putts for a bogey—his only lapse—and a two-iron and two putts for a birdie at the 9th. Miller had made the turn in 32, four under par.

"After I birdied the 3rd hole, I said to myself, 'Son of a gun. I'm even par,' and I thought, 'Well, maybe I've got a chance to get back in the tournament.'" But when I birdied the 4th I got a little tight. I almost gagged on a couple of putts at the 7th and 8th but the easy birdie at 9 calmed me down."

Miller was so calm he began to strike the ball even better. Like this: a five-iron and two putts for a par at the 10th, a wedge and a 14-foot birdie at the 11th, a four-iron and a 15-foot birdie at the 12th, a four-iron and a five-foot birdie at the 13th, a wedge and two putts for a par at the 14th, a four-iron and a 10-foot putt for a birdie at the 15th, a two-iron and two putts for a par at the 16th, a wedge and two putts for a par at the 17th and, finally, a five-iron and two putts for a

par at the 18th. That made 31 coming in, 63 in all.

Miller appeared unusually solemn as he blared over Oakmont, ripping it to shreds. And there was a reason. In 1971 he nearly did the same thing in the Masters. He almost shot another surreal round to come out of nowhere and win. But with a few holes left he started warming to the crowd. Waving and grinning.

"I finger-walked," he explained. "Nodding at everyone. And I lost. I guess I didn't actually let myself think about winning this time until the 18th tee when Miller Barber told me, 'Baby, you got it now.'"

The victory was worth considerably more to Johnny Miller than the \$35,000 first prize. His agent and manager, Ed Barner, quickly sat down in the clubhouse and totaled up the bonus money that would flow from his contracts with Ford, MacGregor, Sears, Air West, etc., and came up with \$49,000. "This year alone," said Barner proudly.

For a long while on Sunday it looked as if it would not matter what Miller shot because the whole world was busily winning the Open. There were three-way and four-way and five-way ties for the lead over the frenzied first nine holes involving the local pet, Arnold Palmer, and all kinds of other contenders.

Certainly most of the thousands were cheering for Palmer to win, which would have been a romantic thing indeed. There was a moment early in the round when Palmer led by himself, and later, when Miller had gone flying by, he found himself standing over a four-foot birdie putt at the 11th with a chance to move back

continued

Arnold Palmer and Julius Boros were cast as heroes until Mr. Miller came dashing by.



into a tie. He missed that one, and it turned his day around. At the 12th tee Arnold glanced at a leader board at time to notice that Johnny Miller had gone five under, and he said to his playing partner, John Schlee, "What the hell is Miller shooting?"

Palmer absorbed the fantastic figure and started pressing. This resulted in three straight bogeys, which earned him back into a tie for fourth with the other immortals, Trevino, who closed with 70, and Jack Nicklaus, who had a fine 68 but a generally inconsistent Open.

It was left to the surprising Schlee to make the boldest run at Miller. Schlee had won only one tournament in his life, this year's Hawaiian Open, but he came to the last two holes needing one birdie to tie, even though he had begun his day with a double bogey at the 1st hole. On each hole he came close but when he missed both times, John Schlee was a runner-up, John Miller the champion.

Mainly it was the weather that kept Oakmont from being Oakmont. A Tuesday rainstorm so softened the course that it could never achieve the legendary fastness which had made it a monster in the

past. The spongy fairways kept many a drive from bounding into the USGA weeds, and the greens held throughout. They were speedy, but they were not "Oakmont Fast."

And some of the scoring that this condition produced bordered on the ridiculous—for an Open. On Friday, for example, there were 19 rounds below par 71, and this was an Open record. For any course. This was the day that an obscure club pro, Gene Borek, shot a 65, strolling along in his brimmed hat, looking like a tire salesman on his way to the driving range. His 65 was an Oakmont record by two blows although it was destined to last only two days. Borek thus inserted his name into the USGA annals, One-Day Glory Division, along with people like Lee Mackey and Rives McBee, other unknowns who had carved out 64s in their day—and disappeared. And Borek followed up the 65 with the round that everybody knew he would have—an 80—and then a 75.

What Borek had proved conclusively was that the low rounds were out there to be had if a fellow could stay in the fairways and drop a few putts. Oakmont in 1973 was far from impossible. It was inviting. Whereas 11 years before, in the 1962 Open, only one round of 67 had been shot, this Oakmont seemed at times like a pitch-and-putt layout. When play was over the statistics against the course were not only impressive, they were astounding. A total of 40 subpar rounds had been turned in by the 65 players who had survived the cut, compared to 19 in 1962. Aside from Borek's 65, the ex-monster had yielded another 65 to Lanny Wadkins, a 66 to Jerry Heard, 67s to Schlee, Gary Player and Buddy Allin, and more 68s and 69s than you could shake a blue coat and armband at.

For all of this, however, you could not fault Oakmont. It might be taking its licks from the weather and the equipment and the skills of the modern-day professional, but it was providing one whale of a championship. Oakmont had drawn forth the best and the biggest names to its leader boards from the very first, and kept them there battling each other all the way.

All week Lee Trevino yulked it up with the galleries while they waited for him to make a move that never came.



Dressed like someone on a vacation at the shore, John Schlee almost landed his biggest catch.



Tom Weiskopf had won three times in a month, but when he reached for another, he came up empty-headed.

Usually in an Open championship one finds a Nicklaus here and a Palmer there, squeezed in among the Boraks and others, until Sunday afternoon when the pressure gets to everybody but a couple of men who have a reputation. By contrast, Oakmont's leader board from Thursday on resembled a sort of current Hall of Fame. For instance, Gary Player's delicately putted 67 led on Thursday and not too far back were Lee Trevino with a 70 and Jack Nicklaus, Arnold Palmer and Gene Littler with 71s. When Player's second-round 70 held the lead, he was still part of a congestion that included Trevino, Nicklaus, Palmer, Julius Boros and Tom Weiskopf, to drop a few names. And when Player finally faltered on Saturday with his horrendous 77, the top 10 players fell into a heap separated by only four strokes. And who were they?

The elite is who they were. Six of the 10 leaders going out Sunday to decide it

all were Palmer, Boros, Trevino, Nicklaus, Player and Bob Charles, a handsome little group of gentlemen who held 35—thirty-five, mind you—major championships between them. The only outsiders were Weiskopf, Heard, Schlee and Jim Colbert; and Weiskopf, of course, had come into Oakmont as the hottest thing on the PGA tour. So there was hardly anything more that one could have asked of Oakmont despite the insanity of the low scores it had given up.

Every round of an Open is distinctive in its own way, standing as sort of a tiny historical monument. Thursday's play was highlighted by two intriguing incidents, one involving Player and the other Nicklaus.

Player was the fellow who first indicated that Oakmont could be had when he assaulted the premises with six birdies in the first 11 holes. He did not appear to be playing particularly well but he was putting like a genius. On those long, curving 40-footers that were once considered death at Oakmont, he was either rolling the ball into the hole or leaving it only one inch away. What would he shoot, a 60, for God's sake?

It was at the 12th hole, a long par-5, that something one might describe as "Open thought" caught up with him. He drove into the rough and then spent a great deal of time trying to decide between a three-wood and, of all things, an eight-iron for his second.

In golf, trying to decide between a three-wood and an eight-iron is like trying to decide between an airliner and a bus if you want to get somewhere in a hurry. Player chose the eight-iron and hit it 75 yards, leaving himself a one-iron to the green. He hit that into a trap, took three to get down and wound up with a bogey, marring the round. Not that the 67 was unpleasant, but he had been in a mood to shoot even lower.

"All of a sudden, I got very negative," he explained later. "I simply lost my head."

Nicklaus had played poorly throughout Thursday's round, and seemed headed for a lackluster 73, or something like that. When he reached the 17th he was two over par and had shown no indica-



Jerry Heard shot an easygoing 66 to share a third-round lead but on Sunday he was easygoing, gone.

tion of doing anything more than trying to get into the clubhouse without a broken arm. But the 17th was alluring, a 322-yard par-4, and on Thursday there was a helping wind. Jack took out the driver and crushed it. The ball soared 250 yards in the air, up and over a row of young pin oaks, over weeds and bunkers, and bounced up on the green only 12 feet from the flag. It was a tremendous drive, bringing forth a mighty roar, and Jack sank the putt for the eagle that gave him a 71 and put him just four strokes behind Player instead of six.

Friday was the day Player tried to shoot the 77 he did shoot on Saturday, but his putter kept rescuing him. Like the five one-putt greens he had on the front nine. But he knew he was on borrowed time. In fact, he phoned his wife that night and told her she might as well expect something atrocious soon, like a 77. And Friday was principally Gene Borak's day, plus a day when the other names slyly moved into position. One such person was Miller, whose 69, along with an opening 71, left him just three strokes behind Player. Not that Johnny Miller was much of a name at that point.

For most of the crowd, Saturday belonged to Arnold Palmer. It was one of

continued



Gary Player's opening 67 that gave him the lead was a signal that it would be a black week for Oakmont.



BATTLE *continued*

those old-fashioned days when Arnie had the Army on the march again, slashing out a 68, looking younger than his 43 years, eager and aggressive. But it was also 53-year-old Julius Boros' day, and paired with Palmer as he was, the scene was even more nostalgic. Had either won the tournament he would have become the oldest Open champion. As Player was letting it slip away, as Nicklaus was mak-

ing a tour of Oakmont's 187 bunkers while shooting a 74, and as Miller was apparently losing any chance of victory with a 76, the Open fell into the hands of Palmer and Boros, both of whom were knocking in the putts that counted. When the two old folks were through they were on top of the heap with 210. But even then they were not alone.

While the crowds were howling for

Palmer and Boros, and moaning for Nicklaus and Player, there was this pairing of Heard and Schlee. All they were up to was a 66 (for Heard) and a 67 (for Schlee), and they barged right into a share of the 54-hole lead.

As Heard and Schlee trudged up the 18th fairway, they had some peculiar thoughts. Schlee recounted the conversation.



Oh yes, Jack Nicklaus was at Oakmont, too, all over Oakmont as a matter of fact, his deep in trouble from which he never completely recovered.

Heard said, "This doesn't seem like the U.S. Open. Isn't this supposed to be the most important tournament in the world?"

And Schlee said, "What are we doing leading it?"

Heard said, "Are you that good?"

And Schlee said, "Are you?"

"I don't know," said Heard. "We must be."

John Schlee almost was, as he closed with a 280, three strokes lower than anyone had shot in Oakmont's four previous Opens. Tom Weiskopf almost was, finishing third with a 281, which was still better than anyone in the past. All those legendary names—Nicklaus, Trevino and Palmer—almost were good enough. The three former Open champions each shot 282, one below the old record. Wad-

kins, Heard and Boros wound up at 283, equaling the best.

But this was no ordinary Oakmont, as the scores proved, and Johnny Miller was far from having an ordinary day. Tom Weiskopf probably put it better than anyone else.

"Johnny Miller?" Weiskopf laughed. "I didn't even know Miller had made the cut."

END

THE SHORT AND THE LONG OF IT

Little-known Rick Wohlhuter, who is 5' 9", and Steve Williams, who is 6' 2", were the big guns at the national AAU championships and lead a U.S. team that shapes up as a winner against Russia next month

by RON REID



World-record holder Wohlhuter exultantly beats Dave Wottle to the finish in the 800.

Shortly before they nailed down the starting blocks for the 85th annual National AAU Track and Field Championships last week, the outlook was decidedly grim. Savaged by the Olympics and ravaged by the pros, the dwindled talent pool was further withered by the interminable NCAA-AAU crossfire. World-class athletes were threatening to boycott the meet and it seemed certain, with a third-rate team likely to bear its colors, that the U.S. would be made into mincemeat by the U.S.S.R. in Minsk next month. Better we should start a home-and-home series with Albania.

The pessimism was premature. After three days of slightly astonishing competition at Bakersfield, Calif., the U.S. got itself one of its youngest and most promising teams. The long and short of it is new faces, specifically those of 6' 2" Steve Williams, a 19-year-old sprinter

raised in the Bronx and glad of it, and 5' 9" Rick Wohlhuter, a 24-year-old Chicago insurance man who has discovered that tendon stretching is good policy. Of the 13 champions who were on hand to defend the titles they won in 1972, an even dozen were dethroned. Only John Craft, who set a meet record with a 55' 8 3/4" triple jump, repeated.

Williams did not break any records but he was the Most Valuable Athlete, winning both sprints for the first time since Ray Norton turned the trick in the 1960 nationals. He also accomplished the feat with soul, style, lousy starts and great finishes.

In both the 100- and 220-yard finals, Williams broke from the blocks late and slightly shaky before running down the field from far back. On Friday night, after four false starts had left everyone chilled and antsy, he caught Herb Wash-

ington in the last three yards, coolly glancing back over his left shoulder as he powered through the tape in 9.4 seconds. Earlier that evening Williams had run 9.2 in a semifinal, a time which more accurately reflects his speed. In the 220 on Saturday, despite a knee that almost buckled under him on the turn, he overtook Mark Lutz of Kansas in 20.4.

"I ran a very sloppy race," Williams said after the 100 to a bunch of nonbelievers. "My form was sloppy, my start was terrible. After all those false starts, we were standing there in the cold, tightening up. When I wanted to make my pop, it wouldn't come. That's why it took me so long to catch the rest of the field. I usually do it by the 60-yard mark, but this time it was more like 85.

"I was born in New York, lived in Texas and now I'm in San Diego," he went on. "I think I'm a better competitor coming from New York, because you are constantly competing in New York. Like winning it coming from that far back, not giving up. I learned that walking through the streets in New York where you have to move so you don't get knocked down. Getting on the subway is a fight. Shopping in a department store is a fight. To me, L.A. is a little country town."

A sophomore at San Diego State, where he majors in English and journalism, Williams runs with a quaint, bobbing-and-weaving, shoulder-rolling style that seems to have been choreographed by Bo Diddley. However, it got him a 9.1 at the Fresno Relays last month, which equals the world record.

"This kid could be running an 8.8," said Alex Woodley, coach of the Philadelphia Pioneer Club. "The problem is his start, and I think it's because of those long legs of his and the trouble he has with the blocks. He doesn't feel comfortable with his feet all scrunched up together that way. As a result, he gets almost no explosive force out of the blocks. In the 220 he might as well not even use them. If he had blocks that would allow him to start with his feet wide apart, he'd run 8.8 because that's really what he's

doing now in the last 80 yards or so."

The main question that Williams has been answering since Fresno is whether or not he will run against Valery Borzov in Russia. It is now obvious that Williams will be there.

"People ask me more often whether I'd like to run against Borzov than what my age is," he says. "They try to make me the prominent sprinter. It's flattering. It seems like they are looking for the dominant sprinter they needed last year. I'm not that yet. You build up a consistency. My start is so bad... Maybe I sell myself short, but I don't think I have it yet. But I have the tools to get it."

If Williams needs an example, he could take no better one than Wohlhuter, the classy little half-miler who has recovered magnificently from his experience at Munich, where he fell in his qualifying heat. More vexingly, he has no idea what caused his spill.

"I remember how disappointed I was," he says. "I was ready to go and I'd run some good half miles. I'm still not really sure what happened. There was no protest or anything. What could I do? I didn't qualify."

What he did this season was come back to run a 1:44.6 at the Vons Classic in Los Angeles last month for a world record, a goal that might have seemed ludicrous off his record at Notre Dame, where he spent most of his time hobbling around with sore Achilles' tendons.

"The main symptom was pain," Wohlhuter said the day before his 880 heat. "It took me two years to learn how to handle it. Now I stretch them every night with exercises and I haven't had any trouble."

At Bakersfield he expected the most trouble to come from Dave Wottle, the Olympic 800-meter champion and co-world record holder. Running another world record might be troublesome, too. "To approximate the kind of time I ran at the Vons," Wohlhuter said, "I'd need a fast pace through the first quarter or 660. A fast pace is what you have to have for a fast time. I'd hate to lead it, though. I'd rather wait for the kill. The slower the race the more guys are in it at the end. I'd like to cut out a few of those guys earlier if I could."

Wohlhuter and Wottle each won his qualifying heat Friday night, shortly before the sparse crowd was shocked by the



World-record holder Williams won dashes

unfamiliar spectacle of Rod Milburn, the world's finest high hurdler, finishing fifth after hitting the eighth and ninth hurdles. Tom Hill took the race in 13.2 with Tommie Lee White right behind him. Milburn put the blame on a pair of new, six-spike shoes—he usually uses a four-spike model—that made his legs wobble.

"I was trying to take it easy," Wohlhuter said of his 1:48 qualifying mark. "I felt all right. Wottle looked O.K. himself with his 1:48.9. I still hope we get a fast pace. If it comes, we're going to be there and take advantage of it."

In the final, Jurn Luzins of the U.S. Marines led the pack through a 52.3 first quarter, the same pace that Wohlhuter had run back-to-back for the world record, while Wottle, as is often the case, ran dead last. At the 660 mark Wisconsin's Skip Kent, the NCAA champ, took the lead. Wohlhuter and Wottle began

to accelerate with 180 yards to go. In seconds, each was unleashing an all-out kick, but Wottle turned it on too late and could not catch Wohlhuter in the stretch. Wohlhuter won in 1:45.6, another meet record, while Wottle finished second in 1:46.2, a mild embarrassment perhaps to the person who had draped a sign reading WIN IT WOTTE on the stadium wall opposite the press room.

"Hey, I just noticed that," Wohlhuter said, looking at the banner. "Wow! How about that?"

He went on, "I'm really glad to get this over with. There's so much pressure in this meet. I think I worried more about it earlier in the day, though, than after I got here. I told myself, 'There are nine guys in the race and you've just got to beat eight of them.'"

That same philosophy obviously prevailed in two other meet-record races: Jim Bolding's 49.2 flight over the 440-yard intermediate hurdles and the three-mile run where Steve Prefontaine (who else?) ran 12:53.4 to miss the American record by four-tenths of a second. Nineteen-year-old Dwight Stones, the bronze medalist at Munich, got the night's other meet record when he won the high jump at 7' 5", and Doug Brown of Tennessee came within four ticks of the meet and American record in the steeplechase, nipping Barry Brown in 8:36.8.

"I think it's a great team," said UCLA's Jim Bush, head coach of the American men's contingent that will compete at Munich and Florence before the Minsk meet. "It's a young team, but one that all of us are very excited about and I think that the AAU—Ollan Cassell and everyone else in the organization—has bent over backwards to see that we got a good team."

In paying a compliment to Cassell, a man hardly used to such treatment from NCAA coaches, Bush was referring to the fact that the AAU will allow athletes to join the team in Europe after competing abroad individually. In the past, staying with the AAU tour from start to finish was almost mandatory. The new deal means that Prefontaine, Stones and shot-putter Al Feuerbach, among others, will compete in Russia and that the team will not be weakened by political strife, as it was in Richmond for the U.S.-U.S.S.R. indoor meet. Come to think of it, common sense ain't a bad policy. **END**



MOUND OF TROUBLE FOR THE REDS

Cincinnati's hitting has been weak but its pitching has been awful. The NL champs hang close, still hoping

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

The gentlemen to your left, the one with the white-on-white hair, is George Lee Anderson, usually called Sparky, manager of the Cincinnati Reds. Try to guess his age. Nope, George Lee Anderson will not celebrate his 50th birthday until Feb. 22, 1984. And if he is having the kind of week then that he did most of this last one, he will celebrate it in a room equipped with sponge rubber walls. Anderson's Big Red Machine was beginning to look like something behind a tow truck. His big problem is not so much that seven different individuals

have attempted to play right field for the Reds already this year or that the team's batting average of .236 ranks 22nd out of 24 in the majors. Those are mild problems compared with what has been taking place on—and off—the mound. The Reds' arms aren't candidates for the Hall of Fame but for the Louvre, alongside those of the *Venus de Milo*. "I have spent so much time up against walls," says Outfielder Pete Rose, "that I'm starting to feel like a gai alai player."

The Reds' pitching staff is a puzzle. Apparently an inviolable one. Great pitchers go to work for Cincinnati, and as quickly as you can say Euell Blackwell they are gone. While winning the National League pennant in 1972 the Reds compiled some unusual statistics, including only 25 complete games. More than any other team in the majors, the Reds believed in the theory of Getting Six Good Innings from the Starter and Turning Over the Rest of the Game to the Bullpen. When things go right under this system, championships can be won. Let one little crack develop, however, and the Ohio River is in your living room.

Anderson could feel the Ohio last week, up to his shoulder blades. "I've done some things with our pitching this year that I really didn't want to do, and others I had never done before," he said one night in his office just off the Cincinnati clubhouse, his head down because the Reds had been pounded by the St. Louis Cardinals 11-5. In the third of three losing games in a row he had used five pitchers and none had been effective. Over the span his staff gave up home runs, granted walks freely, balked runs home, threw wild pitches and allowed a horrendous number of extra-base hits. "It's a situation that will have to get better," said Anderson accurately, "because it can't get any worse. The Cardinals had four errors and we never even got close to them."

Any team that gives Cincinnati four errors in a game should end up a loser, the Reds' batting order is built to produce runs in clumps. When Cincinnati's pitching allows the opposition to get a big lead, however, the team's speed is minimized and the enemy pitchers are able to work around the Johnny Benches and Tony Perezes. It is then that real frustrations set in.

The Reds are frankly amazed that they have not drifted so far down in the stand-

ings that a pennant run would now be hopeless. "We had a spell during which we couldn't hit," said Rose, "then this spell in which we aren't pitching well at all. The two things have not come together so we could make any kind of a move up in the standings. But we're still only a few games out of first place."

As the week ended, Cincinnati was in fourth place, 5½ games behind front-running San Francisco. But between the Reds and Giants were Houston and Los Angeles, both very good teams. It seems that everybody except the Giants themselves considers the Giants a myth, but they keep going on with an admirable tenacity.

The Reds' pitching woes began early in March, when their top man, 25-year-old Gary Nolan, found that he couldn't throw. An examination by Reds' doctors proved so discouraging that other opinions were sought, and when they agreed with the team physicians Nolan was placed on the disabled list. He remained on the disabled list. Last week he reportedly was throwing at three-quarter speed in workouts at the Reds' minor-league field in Tampa. When and if he comes back it will still take him at least three weeks to build his arm to the point where he could be sharp. Nolan has had arm miseries before, his present condition is a mystery.

Nolan, youth and a trade for K.C.'s Roger Nelson, as well as an outstanding bullpen, were supposed to give Cincinnati's best pitching in several years. The loss of Nolan proved to be a hint of what was to happen, which included an elbow injury to Nelson, who joined Nolan on the disabled list last Wednesday. Not that Nelson had been overwhelming hitters, he had a record of 2-2. But he did have a 2.06 ERA, lowest on the staff.

From May 7 through June 13—a period covering 33 games—the Reds got but one complete game out of pitchers not named Jack Billingham. This put a heavy strain on the bullpen, and Clay Carroll (the Reds' foremost reliever, was having his own problems: "I really find it hard to explain just what happened to me," he said. "My control was messed up from the start of the season. I went to Sparky at a time when our starting pitchers weren't going too well and asked him if I could start to see if things could be worked out that way."

Carroll is a friendly, 32-year-old Alabamian who pitched in 330 games

A pitching staff of uneven skills haunts and bedevils Sparky Anderson. Clockwise from bottom center: Clay Carroll, Ross Gonsky, Pedro Borbon, Jack Billingham and Ed Sorensen

Continued

over the past five seasons, but only in five as a starter. As a relief pitcher Carroll would come out of the bullpen to smother enemy uprisings time and again. In 1972 he made 65 appearances and set a major-league record with 37 saves. As a starter Carroll threw very well, but how do you relieve a Clay Carroll with a Clay Carroll? "I wanted to get a complete game," he says wistfully. "It would have been the first one for me since 1967."

Sensing that Carroll had regained his control, Anderson last week dropped him back into the bullpen—only to have the Cardinals score three earned runs off him in two innings. "This could drive a man crazy," said Anderson.

Not far from where Anderson was trying hard to remain sane, the St. Louis manager, Red Schoendienst, sat on a couch with a can of Budweiser in his hand. "That pitching staff is tired," Schoendienst said. "You can tell it because they look tired when they walk to the mound. The pitchers seem to be working the way the Japanese pitchers work: all the time. When these things happen they drive managers wacky because then all sorts of other things seem to start to happen" (One of the oddest things to happen to Anderson last week confirmed Schoendienst's point. Sparky went out to argue with home-plate umpire Tom Gorman Monday night and during the discussion somehow pulled a muscle in his neck.)

"What you hope for," Schoendienst continued, "is to get a couple of complete games in a row so you don't have to use either your short or long men for a day or two. That way they can be rested and go out and do the job they can do. But it's no easy thing. You just have to hope you can ride it out."

The riding just got rougher the next evening. Anderson sent Bilingham to the mound against St. Louis' Rick Wise. Bilingham had a record of 8-2, with six complete games in 15 starts, and he was the only Reds starter who had not doubled as a reliever. Never was there a better time for a complete game. So in the third inning familiar disaster struck. Wise trucked a ball up the third-base line and Bilingham threw it away, allowing Wise to go to second. Jim Dwyer, a young Cardinal outfielder brought up from the Tulsa farm club, where he was hitting over .400, and in the lineup because the

regular leftfielder, Lou Brock, had jammed his fingers, hit an opposite-field single to left to move Wise to third. Sparky Anderson squirmed in his dug-out. Bilingham then hit Ted Sizemore with a pitch to load the bases, with Joe Torre, Ted Simmons and Tim McCarver coming up. Bilingham walked Torre to force in a run, gave up a hit to Simmons and then walked McCarver to reload the bases.

Three runs were already in the Cardinal dugout and four more joined them when Luis Melendez hit a grand-slam homer run. Under normal conditions, Anderson probably would have taken Bilingham out after McCarver was walked. But this was June 1973. The game irretrievably lost, Bilingham worked eight innings and at least made it possible for the bullpen to get some rest.

There was none for Anderson, who had some bad reading at hand. In four games Cincinnati pitchers had given up 40 runs and 52 hits. In each of those games they had been behind by at least four runs at the end of three innings. Of such statistics are few pennants won.

But things can change quickly in baseball, particularly in the National League. Sensibly enough, Cincinnati went out looking for a pitcher. It had to be someone who could step into the starting rotation as quickly as he could get to Cincinnati. "When you go after a pitcher at this time of the year," Anderson said, "you can end up stripping your ball club. People know you are hurting and want everything they can possibly get."

Anderson's outlook brightened somewhat at midweek when the Reds obtained leftfielder Fred Norman from the San Diego Padres for Outfielder Gene Locklear and a minor-league pitcher. At the first opportunity Anderson put Norman on the mound and the results were most encouraging. Although his record was 1-7 on joining Cincinnati, Norman shut out the Pirates Friday night 6-0. When a club is in so much distress that it goes to the trouble of picking up a pitcher with a 1-7 record, the normal tendency is to laugh. But Fred Norman, all 5'8" of him, is not that easily laughed away. Last year he pitched six shutouts for San Diego. Only Don Sutton, Steve Carlton, Nolan Ryan, Wilbur Wood and Mel Seaton—myre had more.

"Norman is the kind of pitcher who can step in here as a starter and win games," said Pete Rose, upon learning of the trade. "His lifetime record against us is 5-1. He also gets me out."

Rose, of course, is one of the Reds' great natural resources. Last week he was moving toward his 2,000th hit, and only 11 men ever achieved 3,000 major-league hits: Cobb, Musial, Speaker, Aaron, Wagner, Collins, Lapow, Mays, Waner, Amos, Clemente. And of these, only one—Paul Waner—ever reached 2,100 hits by the end of his 11th season, a plateau Rose is virtually certain to reach this year.

Rose is off to a good start (.306 at the end of last week), though it would be nice if he could come to bat occasionally with men on base. Because the eighth and ninth spots in Cincinnati's batting order have been so unproductive, Rose, hitting in the leadoff spot, has only 19 runs batted in. The Reds' pitchers have a total of 11 hits all season, every one of them a single. On Opening Day, Don Gullett batted in a run; no one on the pitching staff has yet been able to duplicate that feat. The pitchers are batting .081, as good a case for the designated hitter as can possibly be made.

Johnny Bench is leading the league in RBIs but early in the season it seemed that Tony Perez might lead the world in RBIs (Runs Not Batted In). Perez has since moved up into respectable figures. Because of the overall pitching problem, Bench has caught in all but three of the team's games, taking a beating that could conceivably wear him down.

Early last spring Anderson was the first major baseball figure to say publicly that he thought one of the biggest challenges in the West Division this year would come from the young Giants. Belieged as was this perspicacious man last week, he still felt that his club could patch up its pitching staff and regain the form that has made it one of baseball's most dramatic teams. "But if we are going to win this time," he said shortly before his Reds made Father's Day memorable for him by sweeping the Pirates 3-1 and 5-1, "it won't be like it was for us in 1970 and 1972. It will come late for us. Maybe very late."

Or, if Cincinnati's pitching doesn't start improving pretty quickly, not at all.

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When Virginia Wade plays tennis, one thing is always there, intense excitement. To this fierce Englishwoman tennis is not merely a game, not merely a test of skills, it is excruciating emotional drama. For the desperate amateurs, with their dreams of impossible victories and capacity to crash out completely, she is a player to identify with. All the emotions they suffer on the court, she suffers—and suffers visibly. For them she is the last amateur in the big time, the last utterly human player, the last one like themselves.

Eyenne Georlagang, who is an entirely different kind of player, can say, "The moment I step on the court and start warming up, I know then whether I'll win or lose." But Wade undergoes her nerve-racking inner struggle all through the match. Not until the last point is played can one know whether she will prevail or collapse.

When Wade does collapse, the spectator can feel her nerves taking off, her determination breaking, her concentration blurring, her coordination going out. When she prevails there is the special elation of one who not only has defeated an opponent but also has survived a tremendous inner ordeal.

For all her emotionalism and erratic temperament Wade may have the most technically complete game in women's tennis. She has won many tournaments, some big ones: the British Clay Courts this year, the Australian Open last year, the Italian Championship the year before and Forest Hills in 1968. She has won regularly enough to have been ranked among the top 10 women in the world each year for the past six years. And yet in the opinion of those who

In her preoccupation with playing the perfect game, Virginia Wade too often forgets that the real opponent is her own emotional temperament

by GALWAY KINNELL

know her, she has not won her share.

"Virginia is a brilliant player," Margaret Court says. "She should have won so many more tournaments than she has. When she's on, she is hard to beat. But she is on and off." When she is off, few players can lose a match more disastrously, or more suddenly. At Nottingham last year she was up a set and leading Georlagang 9-8, 40 love on her own serve. The illusion that she was just about to win deceived her that she turned to jelly. She lost a total of five match points, lost the game, and Eyenne breezed through the rest of the match.

"The thing about tennis," one male professional says, "is this: You have to sense the decisive points and be able to win them no matter what. When Virginia comes to these points it sometimes seems she doesn't recognize they're the ones she must have, or if she does recognize them she chokes and botches them. She is like Arthur Ashe. Both of them have the capacity to win everything and neither ever will."

A woman player has a different analysis. "She wants to make the flashy shot rather than the sure one. She's never will-

ing just to dump the ball over the net. She's always got to be graceful. Her trouble is sanity."

Every year since 1961 Wimbledon spectators have watched Virginia undergo a catastrophe. Her opponents' names may be forgotten, for the catastrophes often have come in an early round, but one cannot forget Wade, her cheeks drained of color, the rest of her face flushed almost purple, scowling fiercely through this wild patchiness. She is hitting like a demon: hard beautiful shots. She not only ignores but appears to despise what one might call the second-rate virtues—precision, steadiness, patience and cunning.

She screams when she makes an error. Sometimes she even appears angry when her opponent makes an error, spoiling what was going to be a perfectly played point. She gives no sign of playing to her opponent's weakness. She seems rather to be playing to her own grand conception of what tennis should be, as if she wants the match to be purified of bad line calls, purified of unforced errors, purified of all that bating about called "keeping the ball in play."

Like Bobby Fischer at the chessboard, Virginia Wade pursues absolute tennis, tennis which by its inner necessity will not only do that growing thing, win, but will also be recorded and remembered, stroke by stroke as a great chess match is remembered. "But when I'm playing well," she says, "I think I play such boring tennis."

In her Wimbledon disasters Wade's opponents often have succeeded in provoking her into extravagant errors, and annually, all sweat and sorrow, Virginia has kicked her way off the court head

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bowed, as her absolute tennis match has flouted off.

But this day in Toronto, far from the peculiar pressures of Wimbledon, playing a scornful match against Margaret Court, Virginia is "on." She gets set in her knock-kneed, hunch-shouldered posture to receive serve, leaps twice, gets to the ball, whacks it into the net. She screams at herself, then she laughs. Again she crouches. Her face grows dark with concentration; there are no white patches in it now. She scowls even more fiercely, leaps even more energetically and now pounds out a passing shot. She goes all out, manic and powerful, but always moving with grace.

The English poet John Betjeman has written verses in masochistic adoration of husky women tennis players. These lines are to "Pam":

*See the strength of her arm, as firm and hairy as Hecuba's,
See the size of her thighs, the poof of her lips as, cross,
And full of pent-up strength, the swipes at the rhododendrons,
Look at the rhododendrons. . .*

Times do change. John Betjeman went on to become the Poet Laureate of England, and Virginia Wade, as Brian Glanville, the English writer, observed when Wade first came on the scene, bears no resemblance to the muscular girls of his poems.

In fact, she looks quite gorgeous as she prepares to serve the critical game to Margaret Court. Her service may be the strongest in women's tennis, excepting possibly Kerry Harris and Rosemary Casals. A camera shutter clatters in the press box behind her. Wade double faults. She turns a dark, wrathful gaze at the culprit. "By God," a sportswriter says, "I'd sure hate to have her mad at me!" Lucky the rhododendrons.

She turns back. A towering luh accelerates down at her, she stalks it, and in one powerful fluid motion whips her whole body at it, and the ball booms past Court, untouched and uncatchable. On the next point she comes to net and volleys the ball away with the authority of a John Newcombe. Now Court hits deep to her backhand and follows to the net. Wade overtakes the ball, hovers over it and collects herself. Having been able to win for so long on the strength of her service, she has been slow to develop the nicer shots. Now she lifts a soft lob in-

es above the racket of the high-leaping Court. It drops just inside the baseline. A few points later she has the game and the match.

Afterward she unties her dark hair and lets it fall loosely about her face. There is nothing very regular about her face. Her nose is a bit dominant. The wide, high cheekbones, the eyebrows that go up but don't arch down again open the face out. There is a certain severity to her, a self-possessed, rather regal air. There is intelligence, forthrightness, humor and great charm.

She has that astonishing blooming health of natural athletes. Her face also has the formed, articulated, completely focused clarity of someone older than 27—a look perhaps brought out by concentration on the court, by all those match points on which hang love, fame and money, and by the strict pride of one who does one thing exceptionally well. But the most striking thing about her is that she has an extraordinary clear consciousness of herself. Only in her eyes, flashing with charm as they often are, does one catch the blue, crazy glow, the wild light of that ferocity which possesses her on the court.

Unlike the new breed of total tennis players, Wade was not born into tennis. Her father, former Archdeacon of the Episcopal Church in Durban, South Africa—where Virginia lived from age one to 15—did not play at all. "The older children in my family played," she says, "and when I was able to, when I was about nine, I took it up. I did have some lessons when I was about 12 but not very many. I played in tournaments because it was the thing to do and because I wanted a scrapbook. I kept playing at the university. [She has a degree in mathematics and physics from Sussex University.] I thought I would go on only a year or two more. You just keep going."

As she is talking, some French players are running their daily assignment of kilometers on the track. "They train all the time," she says. "I hardly do any training. I get bored. I don't find it inspiring." The last amateur, the last one who does only what she likes doing. "I like eating and drinking. Most of my friends seem to be in the arts—writers and musicians. They love tennis and play it more than anything else. I love playing with them. I love playing bad tennis.

"I'm a romantic, I know. But I've got

so much common sense it's absurd. I'm highly emotional but also terribly balanced and incredibly disciplined. This is why I can do whatever I feel like doing. I suddenly remember, 'Oh, you've been up to all sorts of things, O.K., now you go and work hard for a while and balance it.' I never get a guilty conscience anymore. There was a stage when I'd think, 'Oh, what sort of a person do you think you are, just going around, loose living and that sort of thing?' That's no longer true because I've found that I'm naturally balanced."

If there is one principle that governs each athlete's need to excel—money, prestige, fame, pride or whatever—in Wade's case it would be an esthetic principle: the desire to play beautifully. She confesses to it proudly. "I would rather play beautiful tennis than win. In fact, if I'm really playing well, really hitting the ball, I can lose track of the purpose behind it all." For most professional athletes to forget about winning would be the ultimate sin, the mark of a loser.

On another level, however, she wants to win. She has all the professional's reasons and the amateur's sometimes self-defeating emotional reasons as well. "Tennis is very emotional for me, whether I want it to be or not. The disappointing thing is that you can't just play it by instinct. You have to reduce it a bit more to a clinical outlook. But even if I play it straight out of the book and try to be as technically correct as I can, I still can't help getting involved."

Wade's emotional involvement makes her vulnerable to the killer instinct of more cold-blooded players. "Nearly everyone plays well against me. I lose to people who have no other wins. When a lot of them play me, they go flat out to see if they can knock my concentration. And it works."

The one who shakes Wade's concentration the most is Billie Jean King: "I'm afraid I haven't quite got the hang of Billie Jean. She's got such a strong will. It's hard for me to impose mine on her, to not be dominated by her. Margaret Court is basically much less secure than Billie Jean. You know you can equal her will. You know that if you really stand up to Margaret, then she'll go down." In the past three years Virginia has not beaten Billie Jean once. A person with a reputation for choking up and blowing matches might be expected to grow wary

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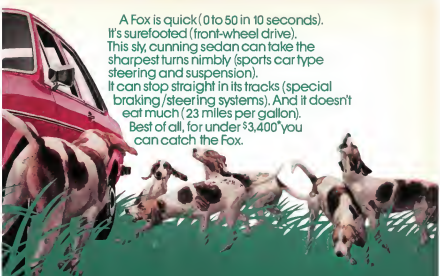
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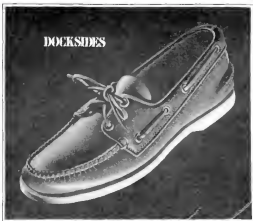
and defensive when asked about this, but Wade talks about her history openly. "There's a balance between determination and nerves and often, often with me, nerves just overbalance the determination," she says. "I'm not really enjoying it because it's too much pressure. And I lose the will to win. But I'm much better now. I used to always start moving faster and faster if I was getting nervous. Now if I can really concentrate at the beginning of a match, tell myself to take my time, then I usually can keep it up through the whole thing. And I'm getting to the point where I don't lose too much confidence if I lose a match. But I'll never be a completely consistent player."

She may at last have succeeded in her struggle to control her temperament. This year's United States Lawn Tennis Association women's prize money circuit, billed as the "Chris and Evonne Show," was supposed to produce confrontations between the 21-year-old Goolagong, ranked second in the world, and the 18-year-old, third-ranked Evett. But in the USLTA tournaments in which Wade played, before a pulled arm muscle forced her to withdraw from the tour, those meetings between Chris and Evonne did not take place. Virginia, who was seeded third when the tour started, knocked out one or the other before they could meet, and in Dallas she defeated them both. By the time the tour headed for New York Wade was seeded No. 1.

There are subjects more hackneyed than the love life of women athletes, but not many. Yet Wade throws herself into tennis so recklessly, with so much energy and so many dreams, with so much of what one has to call romanticism, that the subject comes up. It is certain that no one could survive similar intensities in the life of the heart. "I used to fall in love when I was younger but not so much now," she says. "I'm not so good at a close relationship. I'm a bit nervous about it. I always think it's too good to be true, which rather spoils it."

"I don't think tennis is any sort of life to join up with marriage. And it's a stupid sort of existence to build even a good relationship on. I do believe that in life we should plunge into everything at the deep end. We should put everything into it. But I must say I'm slightly afraid of committing myself to somebody. The one thing I do value is my independence. And so there is always this, too, to stop me from falling in love."

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LAST AMATEUR *continued*

One can understand why Virginia makes her friends outside the world of tennis—the wish to experience more of the world than airplanes, hotels, tennis courts and other tennis players. It is one reason she doesn't play on the Virginia Slims circuit, for she wants to retain her freedom simply to drop out of tennis whenever it suits her mood.

As the loner of the tennis circuit Wade arouses resentment among some players who think her independence implies rejection. A European player gives this account of her relationship with the other women: "She feels superior to the other players. She has no close friends among them. She can't stand the people above her. She is only nice to the ones below her. I think that if you're good enough to practice with her, you should be good enough for something else—for friendship, for instance." Perhaps she has earned this rather severe judgment, but it is difficult to know. Jealousy probably plays a part in her colleague's attitude, for she is the most glamorous woman on the circuit and the one who insists on going her own way.

Virginia is quick and perceptive about people and she has a good feel for places and atmospheres. But despite her decision to live outside the tennis world, she is still very much part of it. She, too, is wrapped in its silken cocoon of posh hotels, swanky clubs and WASP society. She does feel the monstrous wrong of apartheid, having spent her youth in South Africa. But many social issues simply draw a blank—she regarded the Vietnam war, for instance, as one of "those complicated political things," about which she had no opinion.

It was good for spectators and good for tennis when the USLTA and the Virginia Slims circuit resolved their differences, allowing players from both tours to meet this year in the major tournaments. But it was bad luck for Virginia Wade. With Evren and Gooolong the only other world-class players in the field, she would have had the best chance of her life to do that greatest thing in tennis: win Wimbledon.

So far she has not got within glowering distance of the cup. "I have always felt such a terrific responsibility toward the British people who wanted a British player to do well. [Early this month Wade was awarded the M.B.E., Member of the British Empire, in the Queen's Birthday Honors List.] And that awful,

continued

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But last year, though she did not come close to winning, she lost with a difference: The officials had arranged the draw with proper British self-abnegation, contriving to make it as difficult as possible for a British player to reach the finals. Wade came to her demise when she met King in the quarterfinals. But in losing she played by far the best match of her 11 tries in the tournament and provided King with her only serious opposition on the way to the title.

After that quarterfinal loss to King, yet another complication was added to the already complicated tennis life of Virginia Wade. Apparently amazed by King's ability to anticipate her shots, Virginia said, "She goes the right way so many times!" In David Gray's write-up of the match in *The Guardian*, King, who has one of the clearest and cleverest heads in tennis, gave her own explanation

of how she could read Wade so well. "People say Virginia is unpredictable. Eight times out of 10 she seems to hit the ball in the same way in the same situation. That is why it is possible for me to guess which way her shots are going. I don't think she is very good at going down the line on either side. She is very good cross-court but she misses a lot down the line. When she plays me, her problem is not psychological but technical."

After years of concentrating on her psyche, this insight by another into her game must have come as a surprise to Wade. But it also must have come as a relief to find that her problem might not be temperament but technique and strategy—things one can more easily do something about.

"I'm still not very good at thinking on the tennis court," she says. "I pretend to, but don't, really. I should. I know it's very constructive when I do. But I'm starting to do a few more things—but I don't think one should give away all

one's strategy. Let them find it out on the court. I'm also able now for the first time, when I have to, just to close my eyes and whack at the ball. And to go on out of sheer desperation."

This spectacular player seems at last to have made her peace with the second-rate virtues, but for amateurs Wade will doubtless remain the last amateur in the big time. Temperament, after all, is like fate—it somehow manages to stay with you.

Someone asks Virginia what she hopes for herself in tennis, what she now wants out of the game. She thinks for a moment. Would it be to win Wimbledon? To beat Billie Jean? No, the esthetic principle reassesses itself firmly. "I want to be one of the three best tennis players in the world and I want to play more attractive tennis than the other two."

"Who would be the other two?"

"Margaret Court and Chris Evert."

"What about Billie Jean King?"

"Oh, I suppose she'd be up there, too," she says smiling.

END

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MY LESSON WAS THAT DEAD MEN WRITE NO POETRY

I am certain that my memory of the crash has been influenced by the four photographs I saw on the front page of the sports section of the *Riverside Envy*. The first picture shows a racing Mustang compressed and looking like an accordion, sliding sideways down the pit straight inside a cloud of smoke, pit crews scattering. The second photograph shows the Mustang spinning in the opposite direction after being hit by a Corvette. In the third photograph the upper torso and helmeted head of a man can be seen behind the burning wreckage of the Mustang—which is being hit by a Lotus. The caption identifies the man as me.

What is the man thinking? Is he looking at his burning car, hoping that no one else will hit it and move it over on top of him? Yes, that's precisely what he is thinking. Clouds of CO₂ from the fire extinguishers fill the fourth photograph, but just below the white vapor we can see the prone body of the driver in white coveralls and a dark helmet, and four legs that will later be identified as those of Richard Caldwell, a racing mechanic, and an unnamed doctor.

Now a replay from the driver's seat. This was the American Road Race of Champions, bringing together the top three drivers in each class from each of the Sports Car Club of America's six geographical divisions. There were 36 cars in the race, Cobras, Corvettes, Lotuses and Shelby GT350s, the big-bore production cars.

Riverside Raceway is a fast, fairly flat and fairly dangerous circuit. It is dangerous because in those spots where the drivers are most likely to get into trouble there are hazards: concrete walls, overpasses and loose desert sand. And in all of those places they are traveling rapidly enough to do considerable dam-

age if they hit something. I was rolling along at approximately 90 mph when I lost it and hit the wall.

It was about the third lap. I was running third or fourth and had just passed a white Corvette going into Riverside's parabolic Turn Nine at the end of the long straight. The Corvette fell in behind me and we swept through the long curve like the Panama Limited, drifting wide to the edge of the wall. I was dropping down off the slope of the turn when it happened. I felt a nudge, as if someone had touched my shoulder.

The white Corvette filled my mirrors. I was going sideways. I reversed the steering wheel but nothing happened; then I was spinning and the end of the pit wall was coming up fast. It was exhilarating for a moment, then, magically, everything slowed. I could see the wall moving slowly toward me; the concrete was porous, that's all I remember. At the time I couldn't tell if I was hitting the wall head-on or sideways, but I could see the little holes in the concrete. I stopped breathing, my face shot forward into the steering column and my hands ripped the steering wheel rim off the spokes. My nose spread to cover one eye like a patch, and the air was full of glass and fire, the engine against my right shoulder. I was sailing backward. I felt another impact and I was spinning in the opposite direction. Now all I could see was fire. I don't know how I got out of the car, but there I was, lying on the track thinking, "Oh God, I've really done it this time," and hoping that no one would hit me again—though at that moment I was convinced it wouldn't matter.

As I lay in my hospital bed I amused myself reading the accounts of my crash in a number of newspapers and sports car magazines. The reports of my con-

dition ranged from "facial lacerations and a possible broken nose" to "dead on arrival." Both inaccurate. The total damage came to two broken legs, two broken arms, numerous broken ribs, a displaced spine, a fractured skull, several lacerations and contusions and one broken nose. The nose was easily the most obtrusive of my injuries. It almost obscured the vision in my right eye, and while I was still lying on the asphalt the blood from it ran down my throat and made me fear I was drowning. My mechanic was the first to reach me after the car had come to rest on the start-finish line directly in front of the pits. He held my head up and I was able to breathe until the doctor arrived and ordered him to put my head down. Then I began drowning again. I was convinced I was going to die. There wasn't any particular panic about it: "You're going to die," I thought. "That's too bad. I'd really planned to live longer. It's a stupid way to have killed yourself." A doctor in the ambulance stuffed tubes up my nose and into my mouth and put a needle in my arm.

I woke up in the emergency room. It was just like a scene from a movie, the cliché shot up at the operating room lights and the encircling faces of all the doctors looking down. It was quite similar to the shot from the center of the huddle in *Saturday's Hero*. A policeman was trying to break into the circle, insisting that he had to ask me some questions. I remember the doctors putting their hands over the policeman's face and pushing it out of the circle. The doctors looked so grim I couldn't bear the in-

continued

THE CAR WAS sliding sideways in a cloud of smoke; the driver was thinking of survival.

First came the racing smashup that left him shattered. Then came the deaths of several friends. And gradually came the realization that the poet is no less happy than the hero

by DAN GERBER





THE POET continued

tenacity of all those faces staring down at me so I said, "Don't anybody laugh." No one did. I had apparently said it in my mind, no words passed my lips and I felt panic for the first time.

I began to believe I was dead and they were going to cremate me. They wheeled me into the operating room and I woke up hours later to see my wife and my mechanic at the foot of the bed talking with stock-car racing celebrities David Pearson and Paul Goldsmith, who were in Riverside to do some tire testing. They autographed the casts on my arms and Paul told me about his motorcycle racing accident and how well all his bones had healed. I realized I'd been given another chance.

That was Nov. 27, 1966. I had been racing for a little more than five years in various kinds of cars and in races ranging from SCCA Nationals, the so-called amateur series, to Daytona, Sebring and the fall pro races which later became known as the Canadian-American Challenge Cup. I'd had moderate success, winning a few and blowing a few, so that at the end of the season I always wound up near the top in the point standings—but never first. I began racing about the same time as such then-unknowns as

Mark Donohue and Peter Revson; in fact, Donohue and I were both driving Mustangs for Shelby American in that ill-fated race at Riverside. By that time I knew that drivers like Donohue and Revson were going to make a far greater mark in racing than I ever would, because they had something that I didn't have anymore: dedication.

It had been my ambition to become a racing driver since I was 12, when Billy Vukovich, the Fresno Flash, became my boyhood hero. "Just don't get in my way," Vuky was quoted as saying to the other drivers before the start of each race. I was convinced that sheer determination had taken him all the way to the top and would do the same for me. I would be the glamorous and awe-inspiring speed merchant who would win or crash but never settle for second place. The death of Vukovich in the 1955 Indianapolis 500 was the first sense of human loss I had ever known. Later the flamboyant and mysterious Marquis de Porthago took Vuky's place as a hero. But he died in the Mille Miglia.

By the time I was 21 and could begin racing, I had discovered something else I had to have: poetry. But being 21, I didn't really concern myself with the re-

lationship between the two. Recently I discovered a statement from Johannes de Selenio which seems to me to define it well:

...as God created man and woman, so too He fashioned the hero and the poet, or orator. The poet cannot do what the other does; he cannot admire, love and rejoice in the hero. Yet he too is happy, and not less so, for the hero is as it were his better brother, with which he is in love.

At first racing and poetry didn't conflict. In fact, my romantic sense of what racing was all about was nourished and complemented by my romantic concept of poetry in which John Keats, dead at 26, was my idol. I won my first four races because I drove hard, had a first Austin-Healey 3000 and was lucky enough not to go off the road. I was voted the outstanding novice driver at the Marlboro, Md. Driving School in 1961 and began to believe I was a gift to the world of sport. I was living in a dream, or rather, living out a dream. It was like being awarded the Nobel Prize for one's first book of poems. I also started to believe I was immortal. My balloon burst when I went to a tiny racetrack near Wil-



COMING OUT OF THE TURN, IT HAPPENED: I FELT A NUDGE THEN I WAS SPINNING. THE END OF THE PIT WALL WAS COMING UP FAST

mot, Wis. and finished fourth. I really didn't believe it could happen to me.

My method of learning a track had been to go through a corner faster and faster until I went too fast and spun out. I was applying William Blake's axiom that "You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough."

When I was driving on or near the limit on a familiar course, I knew nothing could happen to me. I was insane, of course, but it was the sort of insanity bred by false confidence that sometimes carries a novice beyond what could be reasonably expected of him—beyond what he could have possibly expected of himself had he understood the situation and the difficulties involved. It was as if I were watching myself driving in a movie and the movie were slowed down so that I could savor each corner and what I had or had not done correctly getting through it. I also had time to anticipate the corner coming next, to think about what I was going to do in it and to watch myself doing it. It was like driving in a script in which I had no real apprehension about injury or defeat. It also was probably the most dangerous racing I ever did.

I would become almost mesmerized by the unmuffled sound of the engine running through the gears, with trees, grass, rocks and people passing rapidly and my ideas of how I must look and sound to them, with the sensations of the car moving sideways through a corner, the scrub of the tires, the necessity and thrill of getting past the car ahead of me. I seemed always on the edge of laughing with delight. This envelope of tyrosophoria began to erode when I saw my first racing fatality, an upside-down Porsche alongside a fast bend at Elkhart Lake, with the realization that a familiar face would not be seen in the pits anymore.

In April 1963 I began driving a new kind of car, the Shelby Cobra. Phil Hill had called it "the car that put guys back in racing," and it was one of the first to make use of an American V8 engine in a lightweight aluminum body. The speeds were much greater than those of the Austin-Healey and the consequences of a spinout were usually far more severe. I had to learn all over again.

As my skill and success in racing increased, so did my dedication to and need for poetry. They were beginning to conflict. Poetry demanded that I cultivate and live by my imagination, racing de-

manded that I suppress my imagination. No man is going to get into a racing car and drive really fast, fast enough to win, if he is also capable of too vividly imagining what could happen to him if he should have an accident. I found that I could suppress my imagination during a race when I was forced to concentrate, but I couldn't suppress it between races. I had known a driver named Dave MacDonald who seemed to me, in my romantic period, the epitome of what a racing driver should be. He was lean and confident and always drove over his head. He was hard on cars, but when they didn't break he almost always won.

Dave and I were both driving Cobras at the time, though he had also established himself by winning *The Los Angeles Times* Grand Prix at Riverside in the fall of 1963 and several races in the United States Road Racing Championship series the following spring and was offered a ride at Indianapolis. I watched a closed-circuit television broadcast of the 500, mostly because Dave was driving. Though he was only a few years older, he had become another hero, and we were due to race together in the Playboy's 200 at Menards, Ontario the following weekend.

Continued



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERNARD PICHON

I saw Dave on the TV screen, standing by his car waiting for Tony Hulman to tell him to start his engine, and though he must have been nervous he was smiling. He had qualified near the middle of the pack. I knew he'd move up fast, and he did—but near the end of the first lap the TV picture was filled with smoke. Flames completely obscured the track at the exit of Turn Four. They stopped the race.

Maybe it was because I was watching the race on television, and on television everything turns out all right. I looked for Dave as the broadcasters called out the names of the drivers they could identify as being clear of the fire, but they didn't call his name. They announced that Eddie Sachs had been killed in the crash. There were what seemed like hours of confusion and nobody seemed to know where Dave was. Then they announced that he had been taken to Methodist Hospital. The track was cleared and the race restarted. Parnelli Jones and A. J. Foyt were battling for the lead, wheel to wheel. Several hundred miles went by, and then they announced that Dave was dead. I didn't watch the rest of the race.

The next weekend at Mosport, Bruce McLaren told me that Dave's car had been handling erratically, and he had advised him to go withdraw it from the race. But Dave saw Indianapolis as his big chance to make it as a first-rank professional. He didn't feel that he could afford to pass up the chance. Meanwhile, Ken Miles, another good friend who also had been a teammate of Dave's, won the Mosport race in his Cobra. I finished third. In 1966 Ken Miles won Sebring and Daytona, finished second at Le Mans and then was killed testing an experimental car at Riverside.

Still, my own mishaps didn't seem to affect me until one day when my car caught fire at Indianapolis Raceway Park and I had to bail out at about 60 mph. Fortunately, it had been raining and the ground by the track was soft and spongy. Nevertheless, it earned me an ambulance ride and a collection of bruises and contusions that would have done justice

to the Minnesota Vikings' defensive line. I began to realize that it could happen to me, and that realization was reinforced with pain. I developed an obsessive fear of fire, and when my car hit the pit wall at Riverside, all I could think about was getting away from the flames. I crawled out of the car and took several steps on my broken legs before I collapsed. Consequently, I was in the hospital several days before they even thought to X-ray my legs. After all, a man doesn't walk on broken legs, not unless he has a powerful inspiration.

There also was a rainy afternoon in Bruce and Pat McLaren's motel room near Watkins Glen a few days before the Grand Prix. Bruce had just begun developing the first McLaren racing car and had finished second—inches behind Jim Hall's Chaparral—the previous weekend. I had won the G.T. race in a Cobra (Bruce pronounced it coob-ra) and Bruce had invited Tom Payne, another Cobra driver, and me to watch the U.S. Grand Prix from his pits. He introduced us to his teammate, a young Austrian driver named Jochen Rindt, whom Bruce called Jo. Bruce, Pat, Jochen, Tom and I had dinner with Jimmy Clark that evening. I don't remember what we talked about, except that Bruce was explaining "coob-ras" to Jochen and telling Jimmy Clark how Jim Hall had developed into a first rate driver.

I remembered thinking that these three men had reached a level of expertise so great that they really did not have to take chances anymore, that they were beyond making mistakes. And I was almost right. Then the following year I read of Jim Clark's death in a crash in Germany, apparently caused by a blown tire. In June of 1970 Bruce McLaren was killed testing one of his cars at Goodwood when a body section came loose, and the following September Jochen Rindt died in a crash undoubtedly caused by a mechanical failure while he was practicing for the Italian Grand Prix. Jochen won the World Drivers' Championship that year, the first man to win it posthumously. Bruce was the only one of the three that I knew at all well, but I took each death almost as if it was a death in the family.

I have not raced since that November

Sunday at Riverside. I made a promise to my wife and I also made a promise to myself. I realized that dead men don't write poems and that there was so much more I wanted to do. I still follow racing avidly. I read the racing magazines and religiously watch for telecasts of Daytona or Trenton or The Grand Prix of Monaco. My palms still get sweaty before the start. And at least once a year my wife polishes the one or two silver trophies that aren't packed away in barrels in the basement, and I am especially delighted when I read that another driver has retired after a successful career. "He's made it," I say to myself. "Now what's he going to do?"

I have never been to a race as a spectator, though one May afternoon while spending a week in Indianapolis giving lectures on poetry to high school students for the Indiana State Arts Commission I drove out to the Speedway to watch practice for the 500. I talked to Carl Kienhoeffer, an old friend who had been a Cobra mechanic when I was driving. Carl had made it to the top; he was the crew chief for Mark Donohue's car.

We talked through a chain link fence. It was an odd and uncomfortable feeling. It was the first time I had been on the outside looking in, but for the first time I understood that I had never really been on the inside, that for five years I had played at racing because I hadn't been willing to give it everything, to make all the mental sacrifices it required. Carl asked me why I wasn't racing anymore. I tried to explain about being a poet, but it seemed just too remote, so I settled on a simple, "I'm teaching school." That didn't seem to make any more sense than poetry, a race driver teaching school. He let it pass and told me he would say hello to Mark for me.

Then I watched the cars flash past the pits and disappear into the first turn with some misguided sense that I should have been out there. I saw another Billy Vukovich, the son of my boyhood hero, lounging on the grass, waiting his turn to go out, and I realized that these drivers—even the ones I had known as friends—were still heroes. I got into the six-cylinder Ford sedan the Arts Commission had provided for me and drove back to another life. **END**

BOYHOOD dreams were fired by two heroes, the Marquis de Poirago and Billy Vukovich

PEOPLE

★ Ohhh, so? This proud father caught a foul ball in San Diego Stadium and magnanimously handed it to his small son, beaming. So the kid does what? Throws the ball back onto the field, nearly beaming Met Third Baseman **Wayne Garrett**. Father had his duty, though, when the ball was returned—to him.

That sloppy sound heard recently was Baltimore football fans kicking their chops. In the wake of some highly controversial moves, Colt General Manager **Joe Thomas** announced that he was going to host a radio talk show on which listeners would be able to phone in questions and comments. Just what a lot of people had been waiting for. But, stop! It will not be that inviting. Thomas has decided that all questions will be monitored and that they must not pertain to coaching or performance of the team. "For instance, I will probably spend two or three minutes explaining the points of, say, the



wolver system," Thomas says, "which should then provoke questions along those lines." Or sleep.

Bachelors **Johnny Bench** of the Reds and **Mike Reid** of the Bengals were among 17 prominent Cincinnati men nominated by the burnies of the local Playboy Club recently for Father of the Year.

◆ Now here is another classic baseball vignette somehow gone wrong. The University of California at Irvine has just won the NCAA college division World Series and Catcher **Terry Stuy**'s girl has climbed atop the dugout to give him a kiss. But while removing the tools of ignorance, Catcher Stuy apparently loosened his belt, with results that are hard to ignore even in their decline.

Joe Namath's beaver in Birmingham is only a few doors up the street from one run by **Pat Jones**, former assistant football coach at Alabama. Namath has the bigger image, all right, but Jones is a better yarn spinner. One of his latest tales involves

an old bruin he met up in the Arkansas hills. Seems that the bear was known as Paul. "How come?" James asked. "Well," said the bear, "a long time ago I wrestled a young man in the little town of Fordyce. His name was Paul. I beat him, and they've called me Paul ever since."

And if you can bear it, there is the true story of **Noah Thomas**, a Mentor, Ohio policeman who had a chance to win \$1,500 if he could outwrestle a 760-pound Alaskan brown. Not only did Thomas lose, he took a real licking. After pinning Thomas, the big bear turned giant pupps and slobbered all over his victim. Leaving the crowd roaring, Thomas ran home to bathe.

Comes figured that the only reason why the Louisiana State basketball team did so well this season—the Tigers were the surprise of the Southeastern Conference—was that the players were dumb enough to believe in the corny maxims of new Coach **Dale Brown**. Now it develops that the team had the smarts. Four of the five starters—**Bill Whittle**, **Collis Temple**, **Wade**

Evans and **Ed LeBlanc** made the SEC academic team. Too bad they never met some other Tigers, Occidental College's Four of the six seniors on the California squad: **Dong McAdam**, **Jack Peterson**, **Dennis Loom** and **Don Littegard** made Phi Beta Kappa. With all those smart Tigers, the game would have been played in a think tank.

Lost in the aftermath of this year's Indianapolis 500 was what spectator **Barry Goldwater** had to say before the race. Asked if he would like to try driving one of the cars, the Senator and Air Force Reserve jet pilot said, "Nope. When I go over 50 miles an hour, I want to be in the air."

Always looking for an opening, Washington Redskin Quarterback **Sonny Jurgensen** thinks he's picked one out in the Watergate affair. An off-season real-estate representative, Jurgensen says, "From what I read, there are going to be a lot of houses for sale soon."

If you order steak at the Flying Clipper restaurant in Aberdeen, Md., don't put ketchup on it. The chef is **Giovanni de Simone**, a former Italian amateur boxing champion who had a 61-3 record in the ring including 31 knockouts, and if there is one thing that makes his sauce boil it is a person who douses one of his creations in ketchup. He sees red.

Atlanta Mayor **Sam Massell** has set up a fleet of bicycles, called the Pedal Pool, and recommended that all city employees use bikes for trips of less than two miles to save fuel during the so-called gasoline shortage. Massell exempted himself from the suggestion, however. "That would be a little difficult, since I travel with a security aide," he said lamely. "I don't think we have a bicycle built for two."



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SC gave it the old college cool

Although most of the teams seemed right out of last fall's football Top 20—Southern California, Oklahoma, Texas, Penn State, Arizona State—what it was was baseball. Oh, sure enough, there was a Heisman Trophy candidate here, a defensive halfback there and a reminder everywhere that you were in Nebraska's Big Red country, but the prevailing spirit in Omaha last week centered on The College World Series.

The exceptionally strong field also in-

cluded a trio of gridiron nonpowers: newcomer Georgia Southern; Minnesota, which had won the baseball title in each of three tries under Coach Richard (Chief) Siebert (1956, '60 and '64); and Harvard, which, of all things, would next be playing Italian baseball teams in *Italy*. After five days of double-elimination paranoia, in which coaches never seemed quite sure if they wanted to win today or tomorrow, the finalists, unsurprisingly, turned out to be Southern California and Arizona State. As in 1972, the Trojans' poise and a confidence verging on arrogance bedeviled the Sun Devils, who had lately been accused of swallowing the big apple, core and all, at the opening strains of *Fight On*.

ASU had previously won the series with a bunch of Sal Bando's, Rick Mondays and Gary Gentrys in 1965, '67 and '69. But the Trojans came to town with eight titles, including the last three, and a high-stakes mastery of Arizona State that was extraordinary. "They have a good team this year," said SC's All-

America pitcher, Randy Scarberry, a first-round draft pick of Oakland's, "but they don't win the big ones. They beat us three times at their place during the regular season but then we beat them twice in the Riverside tournament, where it really meant something. Those games at Phoenix were fun games, exhibitions. They play a weak schedule, beat a lot of people, get ranked No. 1 and then lose the important games. The poised, intelligent team will beat them. A team like ours."

Such talk became fashionable following last year's College World Series in which favored Arizona State won its first game against Southern California but then dropped two in a row to the Trojans. The Sun Devils, it was said, were great at rewriting record books (this year's team hit 140 during a 56-6 season before coming to Omaha) but dropped of goose grease when it came to picking up trophies.

"I want to beat those guys to bad," said ASU Shortstop Bump Wills, Mau-

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ry's son. And then Bump let out an honest-to-goodness growl. First Baseman Clay Westlake, one of four Southern Californians among the eight Sun Devil regulars, was just as intense. "Those guys are bush, the way they razz the opposition. That's Little League stuff."

The Southern Cal viewpoint was expressed by Pitcher Russ McQueen, a philosophical bang-plucker. "Why do Southern Californians go to Arizona State?" he asked rhetorically. "They know they are going to finish second."

Tormenting mentally as well as physically—that is the way the Trojans operate under Coach Red Dedeaux, a line strategist on the field and a millionaire trucking executive off it. Dedeaux has been Southern Cal's coach for 32 of his 58 years and his control over the baseball program is total.

It was Dedeaux's unwillingness to share responsibility that caused Pat Kuehner's switch from the Trojan to the ASU coaching staff this season. "I feel I'm more a part of the program at Ar-

izona State," said Kuehner. "I'd rather be chasing Southern Cal than be buck there being chased by Arizona State."

With Kuehner around, the Sun Devils could better understand the psychological traps set by Dedeaux. Coming into Omaha with a 46-11 record for the season, Dedeaux allowed that the Trojans were probably a year away. And that it was fifth-ranked Texas, not top-ranked Arizona State, whom the Trojans feared most. "Red would have people believe we don't even exist," said ASU Coach Jim Brock, who is often as anxious to share a critical opinion of his team or opponent as Dedeaux is to disguise one.

SC opened with a 4-1 win over Harvard. Against Texas, however, the Trojans were mired in a 1-1 seventh-inning tie when an intentional walk brought up Centerfielder Fred Lynn. Before Lynn went to the plate Dedeaux whispered something like, "Now, Fred, you aren't going to let them do that to you, are you?" The SC bench had barely finished advising the Texas pitcher, loudly, that

he had just made the mistake of his life by issuing that walk when Fred slammed a three-run homer, his first hit of the series.

Next night came the first game in what Brock expected would be a best-of-three series between SC and ASU. "since we're the two best and it's silly to mess around with all these other teams." The score was again 1-1 when another intentional walk loaded the bases for SC's Ed Putnam. Though hitless in five previous games against the Sun Devils, Putnam drove in the winning runs with a single and Southern California had its second win in a row despite getting only four hits in each.

The teams took on different opponents the following evening. After the Sun Devils eliminated Texas 6-5, the Trojans found themselves in trouble against Minnesota. Through eight innings Gopher Dave Winfield had upped his series batting average to .466 with three hits and was within three outs of a one-hitter and his second pitching victory. The score at

continued

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Money

BASEBALL

the time was 7:0. The final score — after eight singles, an error, a passed ball, a wild pitch, a sacrifice fly, a stolen base (with two out and the score tied) and an umpire's call at first that so enraged Minnesota's Seibert he was thrown out of the game — was 8-7, USC. Dedeaux said the rally was merely "a good example of the Trojan tradition."

So that left Southern Cal and Arizona State, and after three innings of Wednesday's finale it seemed no contest. The Trojans were ahead 4-0 against Pitcher Jim Umbarger, who had been very effective against SC previously and had said earlier in the day, "I've got them figured out. They're all robots programmed by Dedeaux."

But instead of heading for the apple orchard again, ASU battled back and entered the ninth inning down only 4-3. For the second game in a row Dedeaux was depending on a seldom-used basketball recruit, Jeff Reinke in this case, to pitch the final outs. Brian Huebelen had defeated Minnesota with two strong relief innings the night before, but Reinke was even more effective. When Dedeaux wants outs, he gets them, although he got one the hard way. Leftfielder Ken Huizenga robbing ASU's Clint Myers of at least a double with a diving catch. If that ball had not been caught, would the Sun Devils have scored and maybe even gone ahead, depriving SC and senior First Baseman Daryl Arenstein of a fourth-straight national championship?

"No," said one merciless Trojan, "they would have choked eventually."

THE WEEK

(June 23-25)

NL WEST

The Atlanta Braves had a player other than Henry Aaron to lecture last week as Third Baseman Darrell Evans led a surge of five straight wins over St. Louis, Pittsburgh and Chicago. Bating ahead of Aaron, Evans reached base 17 times in one series of 18 at bats. His only failure was a sacrifice fly that scored a run. "The biggest help to me," said Evans, "was having Henry be behind me. They have so much to me." He might have mentioned also the advantage of having a professional softball player for a mentor. As for Bud Henry, he hit three out to trail Ruth by only 25.

San Francisco stayed near the top of the division thanks to Pitcher Ron Bryant's assured talismans. With his teddy bear in his proper place on the bench and a piece of bub-

ble gum for every untimely victory filling his hip pocket, Bryant extended his personal winning streak to eight games by defeating New York 2-1 and Philadelphia 4-3. But the other Giant pitchers faltered, including Juan Marchal, who hasn't had a complete game in his last four starts.

Los Angeles kept pace with the leaders, thanks in part to Pitcher Hitter Steve Garvey, whose bases-loaded triple beat Philadelphia 8-6. "Unless you win a game with one hit," said Garvey after doing just that, "it's hard to feel part of the club. I don't want to become known as a 24-year-old pinch hitter."

Bob Watson's versatility rescued Houston. On Wednesday night his two run-scoring singles helped trim Chicago 6-1. On Thursday night, after moving from left field to behind the plate when Catcher John Edwards went out of the lineup with viral hepatitis, he beat St. Louis with a home run, 3-2. "I'm going to hit wherever I play," he said.

Cincinnati (page 24) lost five of six but San Diego continued to be the class of baseball's cellar dwellers. The Padres lost their eighth straight, 10-2 to New York. "I'm dangling from a noose, gasping for breath," said Manager Don Zimmer. "I'm going bananas." Yes, but will he be going East when the franchise moves to Washington at the end of the season?

SP 40-50 LA 38-15 HOUS 36-30
CIN 35-22 ATL 27-36 SD 30-44

NL EAST

The recent success of the Montreal Expos, whose winning streak reached seven games last week, should not be so surprising, according to Manager Gene Mauch. "When good things start to happen, you begin to expect more good things," he said. The philosophy no doubt explains the triple play and Mike Jorgensen's three-run homer that beat San Diego 3-2, Steve Renko's six-hitter against the Padres in a 5-3 triumph, and the eighth-inning homer by Bob Bailey that stopped L.A. 4-3. Jorgensen's lucky bat was a long time coming. "The one good thing about hitting .396," said Mauch, "is you know it won't last."

The same theory might also apply to Chicago's series-winning effort in Houston, the Cubs' first in almost four years. It was especially sweet coming as it did with Leo Durocher in the Astro dugout. When he was at Chicago, Leo used to complain that it was impossible for his Cubs to win in the Astrodome. Chicago remained consistent in at least one respect. By defeating Atlanta 4-3 on Jim Hickman's home run the Cubs followed a loss with a win for the 11th straight time.

Joe Torre was back in contention for the National League batting lead after a nine-game stretch in which he went 15 for 32 and raved his average from .313 to .343. St. Louis also had a superlative pitching effort from

continued



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Rick Wise, who lost a no-hitter in the ninth inning of an 8-0 win over Cincinnati Joe Morgan was the culprit—or maybe it was Wise himself—since Morgan jumped on a fastball even though Catcher Ted Simmons wanted a curve. “You have to go with your pitcher,” Simmons said later. “He’s the one going for a no-hitter.”

The New York Mets with four straight wins began to shake off a season of adversity and a recent slump that had produced only four victories in 18 games. Nelson Briles breathed some life into Pittsburgh with a four-hit, 5-0 win over Cincinnati. It came only three days after an 18-3 loss to Atlanta and ended a five-game losing streak. “If there’s one club with a chance to come back, it’s us,” said Briles, “but to do it the pitchers will have to tighten up.” So, too, will the hitters, who were shut out by Cincinnati 6-0.

Although Steve Carlton couldn’t hold a big lead in an 8-6 loss to Los Angeles, Philadelphia did get some outstanding pitching—and hitting—from Ken Brett and Wayne Twitchell. Brett homered in a 16-3 bombing of Los Angeles and Twitchell bounced three hits, two fewer than he allowed, while beating San Diego 11-0. The Phillies got three hits and three RBIs from Greg Luzinski in a 5-4 out over the Giants.

CHI 37-35 MONT 25-26 STL 29-30
NY 27-28 PITT 28-29 PHIL 28-28

AL WEST Oakland Manager Dick Williams had some new words for young Dave Hamilton when he got into early trouble against New York last week. Following a single and a walk by the first two batters, Williams strode to the mound and told the 25-year-old lefthander, who had been bombed in his last two appearances, “If you want to pitch in the big leagues, let’s see what you can do.” Hamilton got the next batter to ground into a double play, ended the inning with a fly ball and was on his way to a 3-0 shutout. The resurgent Athletics picked up three other wins during the week, one of them an encouraging performance by Vida Blue, who defeated the Yankees 4-2. Blue allowed only five hits and struck out seven for his fifth victory in eight decisions.

Chicago’s Wilbur Wood lost a part of one-run decisions, to Detroit 6-5 and to Milwaukee 1-0. Most of the White Sox offense for the week came in a 10-2 victory over the Tigers that featured four home runs.

Minnesota also bombed Detroit in a 13-6 triumph that ended a three-game losing streak. Bobby Darwin had his “best game ever, anywhere,” driving in seven runs with four hits, including two homers.

Frank White, just up from Omaha, became the first graduate of the Kansas City Baseball Academy to appear in a major league game for the Royals. His defensive

play at shortstop helped set Baltimore down 2-0. Another Omaha product didn’t fare as well. Mark Littell, who practices “self-hypnosis” before and during starts, was returned to harsh reality by Baltimore, 8-3.

Nolan Ryan added to his major league strikeout lead with 10 K’s as California defeated New York 5-2. For Ryan, beaten earlier in the week by Boston 6-5, it was his first win ever against the Yankees. Texas, with four losses in its last five efforts, has scheduled top draft choice David Clyde for a June 27 debut against Minnesota.

CHI 32-34 MINN 22-28 OAK 33-35
KC 34-30 CAL 30-28 TEX 18-27

AL EAST The baseball team that could make Milwaukee even more famous won its eighth straight game Saturday and 13 of its last 14. “People keep asking if we are for real,” says Dave May of the division-leading Brewers, “and we want to show them we are. Recently we’ve started believing it ourselves.” The Brewers took five games from Chicago and Minnesota, the two top teams in the Western Division.

Four teams are within four games of Milwaukee but only one of them is making much headway. New York lost three of five on a West Coast swing while Baltimore, with strong pitching, was winning four of six. Mike Cuellar three-hit Texas 1-0 and the next night Jim Palmer retired 25 Rangers in a row before Ken Starger ruined his perfect game with a single. A walk and another base hit by Dave Nicholson ended the shutout, but Palmer still managed a 9-1 victory, his seventh against four losses.

Boston and Detroit were also able to stay close despite a string of losses. The Red Sox dropped four straight even though Carl Yastrzemski is “swinging the bat as he has since he won the Triple Crown in 1967,” according to Coach Eddie Popowski. Yaz inspired Popowski with home runs in all three games against California, going him 10 for the year, or two fewer than he totaled all last season.

Detroit lost three in a row, by scores of 10-2 to Chicago and 13-6 and 5-0 to Minnesota, but the worst of it came against the minor league Mud Hens in Toledo. Not only did the International Leagueers beat them out 5-0, but the Tigers lost Pitchers Lerrin LaGrew for 23 days and John Miller for a week when the two collided while shagging flies before the game. Cleveland, very thoroughly in last place, had a losing week also. General Manager Phil Seghi picked up a couple of pitchers in trades. To make any further changes, he said, “would break up what we are building on. I won’t do that.” Well, it sounded good when he said it.

MIL 32-27 BALY 26-26 NY 35-28
DET 30-28 WOST 37-30 CLEV 32-30



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Clean wins for determined non-jerks

They came along different paths, one a Little Leaguer with big-league ambitions, the other a body-builder with eyes only for his biceps. They got the message, though, and lifted straight to national championships

His name is Lowe, and he is—flow to the ground and thick like a fireplug, 5' 3" and 165 pounds. But that is a good way to be when absurdly heavy weights are always lying at one's feet, and the job is to lift them skyward. Last week in Williamsburg, Va., Fred Lowe did his job, his all-time job, 396½ pounds worth, an American middleweight record in the clean and jerk, a phrase that is considerably less of a sports byword than, say, hit-and-run or fast break, but one nevertheless that connotes all levels of meaning to that small band of athletes who chase their fame as weight lifters.

There is nothing particularly clean about the clean and jerk, and no one who saw Fred Lowe in Williamsburg will ever use the other word to describe him. Not, at least, to his face, a face that grew contorted and dark as the big moment

neared. Oh, Lowe was a fearsome sight. His lips curled in silent rage. He glared at the 396½ pounds, at the Olympic bar, at the six big steel plates, 18 inches across, at the four smaller ones. His breathing came fast and deep. It was one of the pre-nervous self-psychings of the day. It seemed that at any moment smoke and flames would dart from Lowe's nostrils. Back and forth he paced, and suddenly his hands were on the bar. The cords in his arms and legs stood out, and he got the bar to his chest—the clean. Then came the jerk, and the 396½ pounds were extended at arm's length overhead. The old record—395 pounds—was finally broken. The applause rose, and when the record weights came crashing down it continued, on and on. To the knowing spectators at the Senior National AAU Weightlifting Championships tho, after

all, was what the huffing was all about.

Lowe stepped forward and looked for a moment as if he were about to deliver an oration. But he smiled, blew a kiss to the grandstand and bowed deeply. He said later, "I love crowds. I feel an influx of power when I'm near one." Lowe's long hair was tied in two little pigtails and, fleetingly, he looked like a very chunky little girl at her first ballet recital.

But all the posturing was only for the American record. Now there was a world record to try for, and the beast was re-born. It would take 10 minutes to weigh the barbell and make the U.S. record official, 10 minutes in which Lowe could stew himself into another ugly edge. He sat making full use of his time when someone said, "Come on, Fred." He left the warmup room, gum and silent and alone, looking like a man walking his last mile. After an ammonia bottle was thrust to his nostrils he grabbed the bar, loaded to 415 pounds this time. Quickly he failed, unable to clean the weight. On his second attempt, allowed when a world record is at stake, he failed again. But Lowe said he was not disappointed. In winning his second-straight national championship he had led his weight class easily. Besides, he had a strong personal interest in the American record set in 1968. For four years he had failed to break it. Now, he said grinning, he had finally surpassed a great lift by a great lifter. Not everyone knew that the lifter's name was Fred Lowe.

The clean and jerk at Williamsburg was only half of the competitors' burden. The first half was the snatch, which sounds more like an event peopled by pickpockets. Indeed, the snatch is one of the more diabolical doings in sport. Where does the lifter's leverage come from? The bar goes straight overhead, whoosh, as the legs collapse in a squat or a split. At last the lifter stands

continued



PUFFING OUT HIS CHEEKS, LITTLE FRED LOWE STRAINED TO A U.S. RECORD

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up under the weight and soiled the snatch, impossible but true.

Fred Lowe's best snatch at Williamsburg was 297½ pounds, only 8½ pounds off the American record and more than 27½ pounds better than any other in his class. Thus, even before his clean and jerk it was obvious the other 165-pounders were in trouble. They were never, however, even remotely as bad off as the 196-pounders, the mid-heavyweights, who had to take on Rick Holbrook, winner of the last two nationals, 1972's Weight Lifter of the Year and holder of the U.S. snatch record of 341½ pounds for the class.

And how Holbrook had trained for this one: six workouts each week, protein shakes at his coffee breaks, handfuls of vitamins each day, training, training, planning, planning. "Winning is important to me," he said, "but what I really want is records."

Unfortunately, Holbrook took this moment to display an old trait, the all-too-human one of being Rick Holbrook. At 5'11" he is possibly the world's tallest, and slimmest, mid-heavy, and speed and technique are his strengths. Never a man to relax before big competitions, he has in the past gone from brilliance to ignominy in successive meets. At Williamsburg he shocked everybody by weighing in at 188½, by far the lightest in his class. He had lost four pounds overnight, and he did not know how. He had not thrown up for three consecutive days, as he did before the 1970 World Games, and yet he seemed haunted and hollowed as his turn to snatch approached. He opened trying 319½ pounds, a safe weight it seemed, but he dropped the barbell behind him. He tried the same weight again and failed. Finally, on his last try before being disqualified, he made his snatch—barely. His disgust was plain to see, although he entered the clean and jerk with a 5½-pound lead.

Triumph, as he must have foreseen, was not to be his. What happened prompted one announcer (unofficially dubbed "Mr. Sensitivity") to exclaim through the mike when Holbrook was through, "Ladies and gentlemen, Rick Holbrook has bowled out of competition." At Munich, where he finished fifth, Holbrook had led all mid-heavyweights with a clean and jerk of 435½ pounds, but at Williamsburg he missed three times at lower weight, 418½. Phil Grippaldi, long his closest American competitor, won.

Grippaldi is only 5'7" and has huge



HIS BODY-BUILDER MUSCLES BULGING, PHIL GRIPPALDI SNATCHED A BIG WIN

arms—not the best build for snatching, where he managed 308½ pounds to Holbrook's 319½. The clean and jerk is his forte. At Munich, where he felt a terrible pain above his knee, he declined his last clean and jerk when it seemed he could have won the bronze medal. The doctor in attendance told Grippaldi that his lifting career was over, but there he was at Williamsburg, saying, "I live with aches and pains."

Grippaldi is the perfect example of the weight lifter who succeeds despite himself. Like Holbrook he began lifting at the age of 13, which seems to be the right time for future champions, but unlike Holbrook he had this thing about big arms. Working out with a barbell in a neighbor's garage, he developed a full set of body-builder's muscles by the time he was 17. They might be just the thing for the beach but they are awful for lifting. Grippaldi's biceps measured a grotesque—he thought magnificent—20¼". Then he heard about Olympic-style lifting, and it took him three years just to loosen up his arms. In 1967, at 20, he won the nationals and the Pan-American Games, and in 1968 he finished seventh at Mexico City. By Williamsburg, his arms had shrunk to 19", still the largest in competitive weight lifting.

Another American weight lifter finished eighth at Mexico City. He was Fred Lowe, who had arrived there by his own circuitous route. As a 4'10", 90-pound 11-year-old he was pitching Little League no-hitters. He sprouted to 5'3" by his junior year in high school, had a 6-3 wrestling record and hit .445 in baseball. Sadly, he recalls, he got no big-league of-

fers. "Something told me I wasn't suited for baseball," he says, "and I lacked the leverage to be a top wrestler." Occasionally he fooled around with barbells. When he was 18 a cousin taught him the Olympic lifts, and he was launched. That was in 1966. By February 1968, at the YMCA Nationals, he set the record for the clean and jerk that he broke last week.

Now Lowe sat at dinner after his victory. He was smoking cigarettes, a rare habit with lifters, and one he gives up three or four times a year. But then there is nothing typical about Fred Lowe. He teaches English and physics at the Ingham County Jail in Mason, Mich., his home. He gobbles no protein supplements, which for most lifters are only slightly less essential than air and water. And while his competition keeps the vitamin industry booming—3,700 units of vitamin E daily for Rick Holbrook, for example—Lowe takes a small 100-unit capsule, some days. What he does do is train, plan ahead and relax. He said at dinner over his second cocktail, "Each night before sleeping I complete a picture in my head of what I want to do in the next competition. I'll do that for the World Games in Cuba this fall. Already I know who I have to beat."

"Of course, 12 hours a week in the gym doesn't hurt," said Maureen, his wife, whom he met five years ago in a McDonald's parking lot; Lowe was doing backflips on concrete at the time and she thought he was terrific. "To success in Cuba," teased Maureen.

"Yes," Fred said dreamily, "Yordan Bikov, here I come."

END

It was Moscow oar bust in a ladylike way

it may sound mighty muscular but it was graceful good sport when the nation's best women rowers got together for their championships

Women's crew, which started with posture, has a surprising new standing. This was never more colorfully or pleasantly evident than last weekend in Philadelphia where 250 girls, co-eds and grown women gathered along the banks of the Schuylkill for the eighth National Women's Rowing Championships. They were there to compete in 19 different classes, in everything from the light wherry—a sort of throwback to the old work boat—to the same sleek Pacer shells for eight with coxswain that the men use. In the U.S. today there are 58 women's rowing organizations. Twenty-three of them were at Philadelphia and in six heavy-weight classes the prize was a trip in late August to the European championships in Moscow.

Were the girls prepared for their big tests? Let a young lady from Radcliffe,

the favorite in the eights before the regatta began in almost perfect spring weather on Friday, tell it. "Rowing is a total change," said the coxswain, jaded by the intellectual climate of Cambridge. "It is a nice escape, the only place that allows you to degenerate to the relaxing level of 'Kill 'em. Eat 'em.' Animal screams. Monkey imitations."

The Cliffies had dipped so deep into the animal kingdom as to have KILL 'EM taped on the back of the sliding seats in their shell and EAT 'EM inscribed on the back of their shirts. But it was up front that counted. Across the girls' chests was the legend *SENSE OW OAR BUST*.

The ows that the Radcliffe crew had to kill oar bust trying were a well-coached, well-equipped and well-financed Princeton eight that averaged 143 pounds and used a men's standard

lightweight shell with ease, and a nearly professional Vesper Boat Club crew formed out of a team composed of nurses, lab technicians, teachers and physical education grad students. As expected, in the trials the Tigers of Princeton beat three other good crews, College Boat Club (Penn), Wisconsin and Williams. Radcliffe won over Vesper and Washington, and while that was not unexpected the time was—3:21.3 for the 1,000 meters, the best in women's rowing this year.

The Vesper women, who are flogged to the limit by coaching as fierce as any men's team endures, were beaten by a group of college girls whose training just could be tougher. Radcliffe is coached by John Baker, an unpaid recent graduate of the Harvard crew. Remarkably knowledgeable and articulate in rowing philosophy and physiology, he gets up at 5 a.m. to run and row along with the women. One of the nation's better scullers, Baker conceived the idea of having Radcliffe duplicate Harvard's near-mythical "50 stadia" drill: 50 consecutive times up and down the steps of Harvard Stadium. After the first two stadia, plenty of candidates decided they were not cut out for the sport, yet 12 made it all the way, giving Radcliffe an exuberant self-confidence that led it into the nationals with a 6-1 record.

This is all far away from the days when women's rowing had its other standing, posture. As Gail Peterson, a singles sculler, Ph.D., assistant professor in economics at Harvard and president of the women's rowing organization, said last week, "The man who introduced rowing at Smith College was a not on posture. He began the sport there thinking that it would improve the way the girls stood and walked. He even developed a special rocking seat that wasn't much good for getting anywhere but was great for the old posture."

Little more enlightened were the people who got a women's crew program going at the University of Washington in 1897. The teams wore bloomers and marched to the boats in formation while men carried the boats. It was all form. A women's team was scored on how gracefully it got into the boats and how gracefully it rowed.

Well, as it turned out, those crews and all the women's crews that succeeded them had exceptionally good posture and they rowed gracefully. Posture and grace, in fact, are what separate the women



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from the boys. Coaches at Philadelphia, male and female, insisted that women are easier to teach because they are so much more at home with technique.

"It's a hard thing to communicate to guys that they have to row with grace," said the University of Washington No. 3 oar, Joanne Williams. "Men kind of muscle it through. We have to row it through. We've seen new guys, untrained but real athletes, get in a boat. The whole boat just jerks through the water in a zig-zag. We yell at them, 'Be graceful.'"

"Technically, girls row as well or better," says Gus Constant, the Vesper coach. "Put green new guys in a boat, and the oars and water fly in all directions." His wife Karin, a top oar in five different events, says, "Women start with better balance and more finesse. Their bodies are more relaxed. They make this little controlled motion and actually they go faster."

"But they have to learn later that they must really pull hard," Gus says. "Guys know that. The girls, however, have had very little experience with real competition in their lives." ("Our girls have about as much competitive experience as an eighth-grade boy ever has," says Radcliffe's Baker.)

"Our biggest problem has been convincing girls that rowing isn't risqué," Dr. Picron says. "We have to assure them that girls who row don't necessarily look funny."

"Girls won't come to you," Gus Constant says. "They still want to be invited." So the Vesper coach invites them everywhere. At cocktail parties he checks the women for height and shoulder width. He picked one prospect off a basketball court and another off the street, walking down Beethoven Row along the Schuylkill River. Once he was visiting his mother—and he found a recruit along that way.

Wisconsin is fairly typical. Four girls were dating crewmen and simply decided to start their own crew, drafting two swimmers, a tennis player and a cross-country runner. California State at Long Beach started as an auxiliary of the men's team, taking oranges and water to the men's crews. Most of the other women's teams began as notices on bulletin boards.

Some of the new oarswomen were daughters of old crews. "Maybe girls identify more with their fathers," one man suggested. But even there the pipe-

line sputters. "I only got interested because I went out with a guy who rowed," says Cindy Pryde, daughter of a former Washington crewman. "I didn't even know my father had rowed until I got into it myself and he took out his scrapbooks. I guess he probably mentioned it, but I just vaguely remembered Dad was in one of those lesser minor sports."

The Ivy League schools seem to have a definite edge here. Perhaps there always has been more similarity between the upper- to upper-middle-class Ivy Easterners of either sex, particularly on sailing deck, tennis court or diving board, than there is with their contemporaries elsewhere. Rowing carries this further. In manner, general good health and half-raucous banter as well as performance on the water, Eastern women's and men's crews display a rather remarkable similarity. When the Princeton women sit in a circle and sing *Old Nassau*, the resemblance to other *Tajors* is eerie.

Other than finding people to row, the problems have been men and money, or money and men. They go together. Coaches of men's sports are not happy about sharing diminishing funds with a new and expensive pastime. "Actually," says Paula Mitchell, coach of Washington, "the men's team has been generous. When we break equipment at Washington, they pay for it. And they let us use their brand-new shells for the Steward's Cup regatta this year."

That was a mixed blessing. "We came out with bloody knuckles because we weren't used to the oar handles going right out over the oarlocks," No. 6 oar Pryde says. "In practice it seems like every morning we have to repair our tub before we go out. Or we get out and discover a big crack and have to row like mad to get back before we sink."

To raise money—all women's crews are hung up on this dry dock—Long Beach State managed to train while it earned by staging a row-a-thon. One four rowed 43 miles in a day, another 40 miles. Other crews have attacked the problem more or less conventionally, running rummage sales, shirt sales, holding beer parties and even begging outside of shopping centers with tin cans.

But all such travail was behind and forgotten as the women's eights lined up for their final go on a spectacular Sunday afternoon. Radcliffe, Vesper and Princeton looked like Harvard, Vesper and Princeton on the water. Before the race for Eu-



VESPER COX DROVE HER QUAD IN FIRST

rope, one Cliffe said, "When you're suffering from fatigue, jock itch or creeping paralysis, think Moscow."

And Moscow it will be for Radcliffe. Surer with its blade work despite five freshmen and only one member of last year's crew in the boat, the Radcliffe crew made better use of a tailwind and killed off Vesper and Princeton with a murderous 43 cadence. The Cliffe won by half a length in 3:15.4, again bettering the year's best for the distance.

As in men's rowing where heavy-weight eights get 90% of the attention, this was the big event of the finals. But there were winners in light boats, singles, doubles, pairs, quads, fours and, for sure, wherries. In the scoring for all events Vesper outrowed Washington by half a point. The two were followed by two California teams with their breezier, un-ivy but more flowered approach to crew. Either one could be the wave of the future. One Californian, however, found at Philadelphia that the future is now. She is Joan Lind of the Long Beach Rowing Association, and she is not only lovely but something of a superwoman. She managed the remarkable feat of winning in the heavyweight singles, the heavy doubles and the heavy dash (a single scull at 400 meters) besides stroking the heavy quad that finished second. When she is not pulling an oar, she cycles, runs 10-mile races and deadlifts 400 pounds. Not long ago she finished third against men in a set of eight half-mile runs. Fatigue, apparently, is something that never has crossed Joan Lind's mind. **END**

A fat chance he had—or so it seemed

Tubby Tamerlane came up from the country to whup the Hambo horses

Charlie Clark is a Kentuckian who would rather stay in Lexington where the air is fragrant and the grass truly looks blue on misty mornings. But he finds a chance to earn money hard to pass up. So he drove 13 hours to Yonkers Raceway last Saturday, where the purse for the Futurity, the first of trotting's Triple Crown, was \$93,242.50 and he had entered a "pretty fair" 3-year-old, Tamerlane. And when the stake was over, in a little more than two minutes, Charlie Clark had won the biggest purse of his life.

When he arrived that afternoon at Barn C to check on Tamerlane, Clark was rumpied and skeptical of his chances. Although his colt was unbeaten, he was also unseasoned. "I'm really not betting fair to the horse," he said. "He didn't race as a 2-year-old and he's only had three starts this season. Against nobodies." Clark puffed on a cigarette and gazed out of the shed row at the dizzying rain. "I don't suppose a wet track will bother him, it might even help. But he's never been on a half-mile track like Yonkers, and I don't know how he'll take these short turns."

Still, Clark reasoned, the trip to New York should be worthwhile for Tamerlane's owners, Bill and Madeline Shehan. There were only six horses in the Futurity, and five would share in the purse. Even a fifth-place finish would be worth \$3,729, more money than Tamerlane had ever had a chance to earn. His wins, all at Lexington's Red Mile, had been in purses whose total worth was \$600, \$700 and \$2,000. The colt's lifetime earnings

stood at only \$1,650. "Why, the winner here gets \$55,945," Clark marveled.

The trainer considered his competition. John Simpson Jr. had a seemingly overwhelming entry—Knighly Way, a Star's Pride colt who had won \$74,946, six of his 21 races as a 2-year-old and three straight this season, and Volstar Hanover, two for two in 1973 and \$33,545 richer than Tamerlane. "Simpson's colts are a ton the best, certainly out of our league," Clark said. Tamerlane's only recommendation was his last victory, a 2:00¹/₂ effort at Lexington on June 8. No trotter in the country had been clocked that fast this year, and Tamerlane had won the event by six lengths. "He can go all right," said Clark, "if he takes pleasantly to the turns. That's what I'm worried about most. He's only jogged around them. He *has* speed."

Charlie Clark is known for developing colts with dazzling swiftness. But some horsemen say he goes too fast too early with his young trotters and pacers, burning them out long before the classics. He trained a couple of two-minute youngsters last year, a commendable record for a man with a 12-horse stable.

Clark has been around the tracks for years, but he has never been a prominent trainer. He grew up in a house four doors from the main gate of the Red Mile and has worked with horses, both thoroughbred and standardbred, since he finished high school. "I was probably the only person in Kentucky licensed to train both before I decided to concentrate full time on standardbreds in 1960," he noted.

While Clark reminisced, his colt began nosing through the straw, looking for oats that had dropped from his feed bucket. "That horse has an incredible appetite," Clark said. "Always eating something. I don't park my car too near his stall. You never know." Tamerlane belongs in Weight Watchers. He is a tubby. After the colt hurt a hind leg last July, Clark turned him out to pasture. In January, Tamerlane was 300 pounds overweight. When he resumed training in Orlando, Fla., he was so fat the straining shafts of the jog cart rubbed sores on his sides. The bay colt was put on strict rations and exercised four or five miles daily through the winters and spring. He began to lose his hind and now he is a relatively svelte 1,000 pounds. "I or awhile

he looked like an old broodmare," said George Ervin, Tamerlane's groom. "He still has a craving for things and bangs on the door when I don't give him an occasional drink of beer. Listen to him. He can't have any now, but if he wins I'll get him a case. Two cases. One for him and one for me."

Clark took Tamerlane out for an early warmup some three hours before the Futurity, and as the trainer guided his horse onto the track he apologized to bystanders for the colt's gait, saying, "You don't want to watch him warm up. He always looks like he has 1,000 legs scrambling around." Only once had Tamerlane gone off-stride in a race, and that was in a qualifying event in April. It was his first appearance on a racetrack, and he broke at the barrier.

Clark went around the Yonkers track an extra time to show the country colt the turns. During Tamerlane's third warmup mile the colt jumped off-stride after maneuvering a turn. But it was only a momentary misstep. Meanwhile, the Simpson horses were trotting leisurely and evenly. "I think that Tamerlane is the one I have to worry about," said Simpson. "Those turns don't seem to bother him at all."

And Simpson was right. When the Futurity field left the starting gate, Simpson's Knighly Way went straight to the front with Clark trailing him on the outside. The other half of the favored entry, Volstar Hanover, driven by Stanley Dancer, was tucked in third on the rail. Tamerlane remained on the outside until the quarter pole, when he forged into the lead. From then on it was really no contest. He took the turns as if they were grooves. On the final bend Knighly Way challenged, but Tamerlane accelerated, slipping under the wire 2¹/₂ lengths ahead. The time was a slow 2:04¹/₂. "I've always liked this colt," the jubilant horseman declared, "but I've just never gotten him all together until now." "How about the Hambletonian, Charlie?" someone asked. "Well, the problem with that race is keeping a horse together long enough to get to it," he said. "I'll think about that later. After all, the race is in August. Right now I'm going to have a big steak." And Tamerlane had been promoted a beer even if it does give him a belly. **END**



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Was There an Addax in the Erg?

*The answer awaited a hardy band of tourists who, guided in part by a
Tuareg with conjunctivitis, crossed the Sahara in Land Rovers*

by JEANNETTE BRUCE



Ten years ago no one with even a tentative grasp on reality and the wherewithal for a month's vacation would have thought of spending it traveling across the Sahara. Ten years ago tourists still thought going to London was a big deal. What probably killed London for the diehard tourist was David Frost jetting the Atlantic twice a week without even looking tired. Paris was amusing until it got surly. Spain acquired hip-pies. Portugal announced condominiums. In Russia guides follow you to the loo. The Himalayas are far out, but you have to walk, and Red China is just beginning to let us peer over the Great Wall. So why not try the Sahara for size, which is considerable, being three million square miles of

true grit, or nearly one-third of the continent of Africa.

The representative from Lindblad Travel, Inc., who handled arrangements for its \$3,050, 33-day Trans Sahara Expedition, was pleased to point out that this year's group was almost evenly divided, with nine women and seven men. That meant only two of the women would be up for grabs, though she didn't say so outright. "Sometimes men are afraid to sign up, for fear they'll wind up with a lot of ladies with blue hair," was how she put it. Lars-Eric Lindblad runs "luxury" tours to out-of-the-way places like the Antarctic and the Seychelles. He has a reputation for sparing no expense (it's your money), and by the time most tourists have lived long enough to accumulate the fare, the

continued

men may not have any hair at all, and the ladies are into Clairol's Silk and Silver.

According to the brochure, the Trans Sahara Expedition is one of Lindblad's more arduous trips, with his super-tourists traveling across 2,600 miles of Saharan kitty litter, from Timbuktu to Djanet, Algeria. "Although it is now possible to fly to a few isolated oases, it is only by driving, riding on camels and walking through the country that you can experience the true nature of the Sahara and its people," reads the brochure. "The nature of the Sahara imposes a degree of hardship, and members must be in good health and physically fit." Lars-Eric always makes the trip himself first, with one or two associates of his own choosing (aye, there's the rub), and if he comes back alive, off you go, with 15 or more traveling companions dealt out by a blind man spinning a roulette wheel, and equipped with a variety of items supplied by Lindblad that includes everything but a spoon with which to clean sand out of your ears. There was a brown canvas bag, or "sausage," that looked capacious enough to hold a camel and felt as if it did by the time you packed your cottons, drip-dries, the safari outfit from Abercrombie, the bush hat with mosquito netting attached, desert boots and sweaters and slacks for cold desert nights. There was also a flight bag, emblazoned with Lindblad Travel, Inc., in case you forget who got you into this, and it was packed with nail clippers, a hand brush, soap in a pink plastic container, a face cloth, a ballpoint pen, suntan oil and face cream, two flashlights and two waterproof bags. Waterproof bags in the desert? No, they were to keep sand out of your cameras, explained a letter that accompanied an airline ticket made out for Dakar, Bamako, Timbuktu and Algiers. That set the blood to racing.

A perusal of my journal tends to slow the pulse, however. The first entry is a case in point. It reads: *En route to Dakar. Burmeister's cameline theory.* That refers to group member Ray Burmeister, a 48-year-old real-estate operator who was missing when George Holton, our Lindblad tour escort, herded us together in the tourist lounge at JFK. Burmeister was finally located at the bar, where he apparently had spent most of the afternoon. "I am like the camel," he explained. "I fill my hump before I leave." Russ Lannan, a 59-year-old semiretired insurance executive from La Jolla, Calif., had also been emulating the camel, and on boarding the plane both disappeared unsteadily into the first-class section. "They better sober up before we get to the desert. Alcohol is dehydrating," observed George, whose taste runs to sweet wine and Kahlua. George did not look his 51 years, which is not a testament to sweet wine and Kahlua but to the active life he leads for Lindblad.

"On the Borderlands of Tibet trip," he said, "we went to photograph the Dalai Lama in India, and this old shrew who never did anything but complain spent two hours taking pictures of the wrong monk through her telephoto lens. When she got home and discovered her mistake, she wrote Lindblad a nasty letter about me. I once smuggled a pet monkey into Greece, which has no monkeys. When it died, I buried it on the Acropolis, and now I'm waiting for some archaeologist to dig it up, to see what he makes of the bones."

There was plenty of time on the plane for talking be-



Two inches of water did for washing oneself, one's necessities.

cause the movie projector broke down five times, and the flight engineer, who came out of the cockpit to make repairs, gave up on it. George said he was born in a zoo in New Jersey, his father being the zookeeper. George said further that he was born near the chimpanzee cage. Before George reached puberty, the stewardess fixed the projector by jamming a beer can against the amplifier.

En route to Dakar

According to George's Lindblad list, which he momentarily left on the airplane seat, the total age of our group is 717 years. At the moment, the only thing that seems older is the Sahara itself, but on reflection. . . . Here the entry breaks off because George was on his way back to his seat and so was the list. He had visited briefly with Gareth Wood, the youngest tour member, a 21-year-old printer from Victoria, British Columbia. Gareth had borrowed the money for the trip, said George, and had with him the clothes on his back and two rolls of film. A professional photographer himself, George could think of no worse fate than traveling across the Sahara with only two rolls of film. Evelyn Stein, 69, a Californian who was sitting with 50-year-old Florence Brush from Clear Lake, Iowa, had launched into a long, involved story about a cat that died. Anna Antopol, a 55-year-old widow, born and bred in Brooklyn, wore her blonde hair Liza Minnelli-style. She wondered if she had anything to fear (or hope) from Arabs who "like blondes and might kidnap me right off the desert." Theo King, 60, and her 36-year-old daughter Pam were up in first class with Burmeister and Lannan. Pam had a bad leg, George confided, and would probably not be of much use in pushing the Land Rovers when they got stuck in the sand. Pat Grundy, 27, a

computer programmer from San Francisco, was on her fourth Lindblad tour and had lost some weight since the New Guinea trip, but George thought she still was too heavy to push Land Rovers. This explains the next brief entry in my journal. *This is probably not the time to tell George about your burrito.* The remainder of the group was to meet us in Dakar: Bernice Bridge, a 54-year-old postal clerk from Melbourne; Hiroshi Ikeda, 38, a free-lance photographer from Tokyo; Kiyoko Takata, 40, a think-tank writer, also from Tokyo; Suzanne Van Geert, a 50-year-old former circus-horse trainer from Geneva; and a 59-year-old Dutch travel adviser named Hans Ver Hagen.

*Hotel Diarama
Dakar, Senegal*

Up all night swatting mosquitoes. In the morning my pillow looks as if Lawrence of Arabia had swept across it slaying Turks.

There is an old Senegalese saying: "When the moon rises, Africa dances," which I do not note here to reaffirm the saw about Africans' inherent rhythms. In my opinion, they dance to shake off the mosquitoes.

The Senegalese are a handsome people, very black, tall and slender, with aquiline features and strong, white teeth, which they clean by chewing sticks from the tamarisk tree. Colorful dresses worn to the ankles and exotic headgear brightened the brown, dusty landscape. The baobab tree was everywhere—leafless, twisted and as gray as an old man waiting to die. Children followed wherever we went, selling fertility beads and asking for cadeaux (gifts). First they would say, "Ça va?" and then pounce with their wares. Lannan and Burmeister found an all-night casino at the nearby Hotel N'Gor. "The gambling is legitimate but don't tilt the table," said Burmeister. "If you do, the whole hotel goes over and 80 guests slide into the swimming pool."

Grand Hotel, Bamako, Mali

If the desert doesn't get us, Hans will read my next not-very-explicit entry, composed after a short flight from Dakar. It was in Mali (formerly the French Sudan) that Hans the Dutchman showed his teeth. Hans' displeasure was caused by the quixotic service at and the ruinous state of the Grand Hotel. At dinner the waiter brought Hans fish instead of steak, and the beer he ordered had Biblically turned to wine by the time it reached his table. Hans, a bachelor, had a penchant for order and precision. The first thing he does on arriving in a strange locale is to check maps, timetables and street plans. The hotel in Bamako could produce none of these. Hans was onto the desk clerk immediately about the sorry condition of his room. My own room was hot and humid and occupied by a few dozen mosquitoes that had followed us from Dakar. I pressed a button labeled FAN. The fan, an enormous affair suspended over the bed, whined once and stopped. Management had overlooked the installation of plumbing in the bathroom. Fortunately, due to a change in the flight plans, our stay in Bamako was brief, with just enough time to wrap and pack 12 sets of fertility beads purchased in Dakar from 12 sets of cadeaux-type children who had made 12 separate assaults. Like fertility itself, the beads were fragile.

In predawn darkness we clambered aboard a creaking vehicle called the Mali Mammy bus and headed for the airport, where Dr. Musgrave John, an English obstetrician,

and Dr. James Wellard, a British expert on the Sahara, awaited us. Dr. John was to take care of our bodies, Dr. Wellard to instruct our minds. Lindblad thinks of everything, though an obstetrician seemed a peculiar choice. Burmeister thought it might have something to do with the fertility beads. "Last year we had a midwife," said George and, as we boarded Air Mali's Russian Antonov 24, he added, "Timbuktu is where the desert really begins."

Timbuktu

Have lost my handbag. Everything is in it—tickets, passport, money, lipstuck. George is beside himself, his favorite position.

A rather hysterical entry, made just before the bag was returned by a blue-robed young Targui (singular for Tuarag) who found it hanging on the saddle horn of his camel, on which he gave me a ride. "Ça va?" he said, pointing to the saddle, which looked like a child's training seat. "Oui, ça va," I replied, and the camel knelt, roaring all the way down. A camel sounds like an elephant with a head cold. The camel, wrote the American artist-writer John Skille, is the victim of many misconceptions, especially concerning its sex life, "perhaps because camels very rarely make love in the presence of man." It was a gentle, swaying ride. The group was green with envy. In the excitement, I left my handbag behind.

That afternoon Hans telephoned what he called the rent-a-camel office of Tumbuktu and arranged for a "private" camel, but being unable to produce a camel driver's license, for which there is little call in Holland, he had to rent a driver as well.

continued

An Arab named M. Ourrez La Porte livered expectantly without.



SAHARA *continued*

Hotel Campement, Timbuktu

Hans returned just before supper, which was set up at long tables in the courtyard. He will not discuss his camel ride. He had asked me earlier which end goes down first. The front end, I told him. Barmelster thinks the camel may have pulled a twitch.

Timbuktu is a village of mud huts and has changed little in the past 150 years, said Dr. Wellard, who took us on a walking tour. No European knew what lay south of the Sahara until 1826, when a Scotsman, Major Alexander Gordon Laing, decided to find the "fabled city" as it had been described in scattered reports. Laing set off on foot from Tripoli, progressed into unfriendly Hoggar country and across the frightful Tanzeouft Desert, where he was attacked by his own Tuareg escort. "His survival," said Dr. Wellard, as we stood before the house where he lived, "was due to the poor quality of Tuareg weapons, and his own willpower." Laing described his wounds in a letter to his father-in-law: "All fractures, from which most of the bone has come away. One cut on my left cheek, which fractured the jawbone and has divided the ear, a very unsightly wound; one over the right temple, and a dreadful gash on the neck, which slightly scratched the windpipe." It took Laing over a year to reach Timbuktu, where he stayed for a little more than a month. His last letter, on being ordered to leave, had an ominous message: "I regret to say the road is a vile

one." He was never to travel it, for word had gone out to "destroy the infidel," and Laing was murdered a night or so later. Fortunately, travelers are no longer dispatched by the locals. The courtyard, around which our Moorish-style hotel was built, even boasted a flower bed, bordered by empty beer bottles stuck head down in the sand.

Florence has lost her hat. Barmelster said, "The manager will tell it back to her just before we leave." In the meantime, we have met the Minitrekters.

Lindblad had contracted with London-based Minitrek Travels Ltd. for six Land Rovers and a truck. The British crew, or "campmasters," as they called themselves, included 34-year-old Mike Foster, leader of the expedition, four drivers, two driver-mechanics and two female cooks.

"From here on in, we're in British territory," said Barmelster, "and I don't know which will impress them most, my Harvard blazer or my athletic sweater from Holy Cross." Expedition equipment was being doled out in the courtyard of the hotel: sleeping bags, pillows, boxes of tissue called Babysoft, canteens and flashlights. We now each possessed three flashlights, but Africa is not called the Dark Continent for nothing. Mike made a speech about what we could expect from his crew and the Land Rovers. "Your drivers have all been here before and will be happy to answer questions, but please don't ask dumb questions if you see them cursing and sweating through a bad stretch of sand."



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Up at daybreak, please. Use a minimum of water and don't set your lunch plates on the wings [fenders] or boots [trunks] of the vehicles." Dr. John made a speech about lime-flavored salt tablets and invited us to show him whatever pills we might have brought along. Florence, who is married to a surgeon, had a sackful of samples. George was invited to demonstrate how to get into a sleeping bag and to say a few words. He said, "Once we leave Timbuktu, we'll really be in the desert."

Evelyn Stein spoke up. "Out on the desert, where do we uh—I mean . . ."

"Every evening we shall set up a loo tent," replied Mike quickly.

"Last year it blew away," said George.

After the meeting the manager announced that for our final dinner at the Hotel Campement we would be served roast sheep. There was no doubt that it was sheep, for it was still whole, having lost only its wool, and was sizzling on a skewer as it was lugged out by three waiters wrapped in tribal robes. The idea was to tear off hunks and eat them.

"This may be the time to take my red pill, or is it the blue pill? I never remember," said Burmeister, mimicking Florence.

"Soon we'll leave all this luxury behind," said George.

That evening Spike and Dick, the mechanics, made a last check of the vehicles. We were off the following morning,

with three passengers to a Land Rover, for our journey across the wadis (dry river beds), reg (stony plains) and erg (sand seas). "We may see an addax in the erg," said Mike, but admitted that in 15 trips across the Tenere he had never seen an addax—a rare antelope—in the erg.

There are many things in the erg besides the addax, mainly camel dung. I noted in my journal, as we started out along an old caravan route.

The Land Rovers always proceeded in the same order, with Mike leading the way and checking to see that Brian was still behind him. Brian checked on Chris, Chris on Robin who looked for Charles, followed by Dick. Bringing up the rear was Spike, driving the heavy lorry that carried jerry cans filled with water, tea chests packed with food and kitchen equipment. Speed ranged from 25 to 35 mph. If the Land Rovers broke down or ran into trouble, the drivers blinked their lights and everyone stopped. Robin had a flat. By the expression on his face, I concluded that this was one of those times not to ask dumb questions such as "How come you stopped in this pile of camel dung?"

We were headed for savanna country. Here live primitive farmers. Wellard told us when we stopped for lunch. They belong to the Songhai tribe, a Negroid people once routed and enslaved by Tuareg warriors. Wrote Leo Africanus, a 16th-century Roman-educated Moor, "They lead a beastly kind of life, being utterly destitute of the use of

continued

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A football game was played between Washington State College and San Jose State College in 1955 that was attended by only one paying customer in near zero temperatures.



During the 19th century early golf balls were made of leather bags stuffed with feathers and sewn closed. The largest measured nine was 179 yards.

A scotch whisky with an Italian name? In 1749, Giacomo Justerini followed a voluptuous opera singer to London and stayed to found the firm of Justerini and Brooks—purveyors throughout the world of one of life's more pleasurable participation events.

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SAHARA *roadside*

reason, of dexterity, of intellect and of all arts."

After lunch we were off again, to drive until dusk, which became our daily pattern. The track was often rough, and the four-wheel-drive machines sloughed from side to side, bouncing over obstructions or into holes.

En route to Nansay

Going over a hump this afternoon, Lannan hit the roof so hard his pith helmet got jammed down over his ears. Charles blinked his lights.

As we approached Gao, en route to crossing the Mali border into Niger, Burmeister said that the animal corpses we had frequently seen along the track were members of last year's Lindblad group "who didn't make it." Mike said they were carcasses of goats and camels left to rot in the sun. The desert was also alive with bright birds and animals. Mike identified the kori bustard, red-billed hornbills, spur-winged plovers, chats, a red-billed oxpecker taking ticks from a camel, goshawks, fish eagles, two wart-hogs, a sand cat, the patas monkey and two red-fronted gazelles.

"There goes an Oriental slide-catcher," said Burmeister, as Hiroshi focused his camera on something indistinguishable to the rest of us. Takata pulled out a notebook and contributed some lines of beautiful Japanese script.

"Nothing is going to escape Hiroshi's lens," said Burmeister, "and Takata must be listing his slides: Grain of sand No. 1, Grain No. 2 and so forth. This trip will keep the Japanese think tank busy for years."

"The trouble is," said Evelyn Stein, "that every time I think I've found a nice, private rock to disappear behind, Hiroshi is taking pictures of it."

Darkness provided enough cover for getting out of our grimy clothes. Mike poured two inches of water into separate plastic basins, which we bore off to wash first ourselves, then our intimate apparel. The nearest camel thornbush served as a clothesline. From atop the Land Rovers the crew unloaded the duffel bags and distributed folding cots. We chose our own sleeping sites, fanning out along the periphery of the parked vehicles, which always formed a square, bumper to tail, covered-wagon style. Hans, who hurtled out of his Land Rover the minute it stopped, always wound up with the

most dung-free spot. Inevitably the square, Viv and Sheila, the cooks. In the petrol stoves and got out the can openers, cranking open our evening fare.

What is this? Howard Johnson's has come to the desert? I wrote in my journal, having watched the crew set up tables and folding chairs in the sand, then string battery-run lights over the dining area. This was obviously a Lindblad touch, a bow to luxury, and the most disconcerting note of the trip. The crew ate together, separately, in a chaos of pots and pans and empty cans, jumping up to serve us, which created, intentionally or not, a master-slave relationship.

Suzanne, the ex-horse trainer, always refused soup, meat and salad, serving herself a small portion of tinned vegetables. She often refused food altogether, but everyone knew she had a secret cache of cheese and crackers in her sausage. *One by one the group is coming down with the Tevere virus. Dr. Julia is dispensing Lamond like confetti. He did not think pork a good idea tonight. Neither did I.*

In Gao, a riverport town with a post office, word had come that two Minirekkers, with another group in Timbuktu, had been placed under house arrest for photographing graffiti without a permit. They were awaiting the disposition of the "gendarmes de gaffe."

We were now traveling through the watered valley of the Niger, land of the tribe Peuhl (pronounced Pearl), cattle breeders of the Sahara. Goats, horses, camels and cows with humps abounded, as well as a few giraffe. After the evening meal Wellard launched into his "cultural" lecture and tried to arouse interest in the group with little-known facts about the Sahara and its people. "In Peuhl fertility rites only the men dance, dressed in painted like women." Silence, except for the clinking of coffee cups. "More people die by drowning in the Sahara than for any other reason, washed away in annual flash floods or by falling into wells." No response. "According to legend, there is a reason for the arrogance of the camel. The Koran lists 99 different names for Allah. Only the camel has been told the 100th. I've always thought that a rather charming story." Not a flicker. Wellard sighed and sat down, which was the cue for the group to rise and retire. Shortly, the crew followed, exhausted by the day's driving, serving and washing

up. The sands of the Sahara might as well have been confined to an hourglass. *Were it not for Burmeister, I think Dr. Wellard might pull a Lange and walk back to Timbuktu, preferring the perils of the desert to another evening with the group.*

For all his clownishness, Burmeister was avidly interested in history and had an almost obsessive mania for collecting facts. He often had private sessions with the dispirited Dr. Wellard. Gareth was also beginning to be turned on by the trip. He had sold his T-shirt and socks to buy another roll of film in Niamey.

At night the sky became a theater, lit up with shooting stars that darted out like chorus girls. Enter left, exit right. Warm in my sleeping bag, I stared up at

made everything, natural wood, fox-hounds and the fireplace I have noticed before that the minute I set foot on foreign soil I turn red, white and blue.

Most frequently I rode with Robin, who had studied engineering but had given it up to join Minirek. He was restless, drove with less patience than the others and pretended to be cross when I absentmindedly left personal laundry hanging on camel thorns.

"Why are you wearing only one sock?"

"The other one blew away last night."

The Land Rovers suffered only minor mishaps—another flat tire (Robin) and a shattered windshield (Chris). On the banks of the Niger, Spike's heavy lorry



the Plow overhead, then, waiting for the Southern Cross to appear, drifted off to sleep. Burmeister always boasted that he'd seen the Southern Cross.

On cold mornings Brian and Chris often wore the native burmous and ochre. They were real "desert rats." Chris had once traveled from Agadez to Bilma, a 19-day trip, in a camel caravan. Brian had abandoned England for Morocco, where he hoped to open a campsite for desert travelers. "If we got into trouble, Chris would be the one to survive," said Mike. Charles, however, was a proper Englishman, bearded and esthetic. *Charles deplores, or pretends to, everything American. I find myself defending Cup-A-Soup, DosEstate lags, bananas for poodler and central heating against home-*

sank into a bog and had to be pulled out by the Land Rovers.

We had polehards today for lunch. A polehard is the poor man's kipper. Hans refused to eat, said he will never take another trip unless he is running it.

Burmeister said, "Hans will beat us all across the desert, running ahead of the Land Rovers."

Grand Hotel, Niamey

Met an African student named Oo Marou Marou Mankou and gave him some ball-point pens.

The Grand Hotel at Niamey was grander than the Grand Hotel at Bamako, but it was a letdown to leave the desert, to which we were getting adjusted. Suddenly we were back in the world of white tablecloths, cavernous lobbies, car-

continued

peted halls, swimming pools and tours around the city. Pat Grandy, the computer programmer, went to dinner with George wearing a long black dress with a plunging neckline. Evelyn Stein went to a beauty parlor. I went to the supermarket, which is where I met Oo Marou Marou Madou, who helped me select shampoo to replace the bottle I forgot in Dakar. The crew, which stayed at a less grand hotel a few blocks away, turned up two days later and we were off again. On the road to Agadez there were milestones with nothing written on them. A small village named Korla had only two grass huts and three cows, but there were larger, more prosperous villages with names like Dogondoutchi, Birni-Nkoni and Touha. Sometimes the villagers were friendly, saying "Ça va?" and asking for *café*. In more remote areas, children scattered like leaves at our approach. The temperature at Agadez was 104° in the shade, except there was no shade.

We left Agadez for a two-day trip into the nearby Air Mountains, great slag heaps and bare, stony ridges dividing wadis filled with deep, soft sand. Mike thought we might see an addax in the erg. I thought I saw an ostrich in the distance and made such a clamor that Robin went sloughing through a wadi after it and almost got stuck, but it turned out to be a rock.

Robin has banned me from his Land Rover for two days. I recorded in my journal. Fortunately, he relented once we reached our campsite at Timia, and that evening we set off to find an African village, guided only by the sound of muffled tom-toms. Robin led the way through a grove of date palms, scrub and rock, but a camel thorn caught my sweater and by the time I disentangled myself, we were separated. He thought, of course, that I was right behind him; there is something about the silence of the desert that discourages conversation. I continued on alone, encouraged as the drumbeat grew louder. Then I was there, at the edge of a campsite. A group of natives walked toward me and, without a sound, formed a circle around me. The men, their faces painted, white streaks against the black, held spears. We stared at each other. No one made a move.

"Ça va?" I quavered, finally. The tallest of the tribe stepped forward with a

great deal of dignity, took me by the hand and led me to where Robin stood near a leaping fire around which the villagers danced. Brian was there, too, in his burnous, dancing like a banshee.

The next afternoon as we approached Aoudras, Wellard warned us that we would be camping that night in "all Tuareg" country, inhabited by a fierce, unpredictable tribe. He pointed to hills in the distance, pink in the setting sun. "That is where they live," he said. As darkness fell and the crew set up tables for our evening meal, brush fires began to spring up on the perimeter of our campsite. "Don't try to be friendly if they approach us, and don't pick a sleeping site too far from the Land Rovers," he cautioned. Anna Antopol covered her blonde hair with a wide-brimmed hat. Pam was visibly apprehensive.

As we sat down to eat, a drumbeat broke the silence, and a grunt came from behind one of the Land Rovers. "Stay seated," said Dr. Wellard quietly. The drumbeat grew louder, and then a figure at least nine feet tall emerged, still grunting. The top of the apparition, which was covered with a white sheet, rocked and swayed, then Brian lost his balance and toppled from Robin's shoulders. As we watched, still somewhat baffled, Mike appeared, pounding a hongo drum. Chris went off to put out the fires, and Wellard grinned. The crew laughed uproariously, pleased with what turned out to be their annual put-on.

Lots of wadis, but still no addax in the erg. I noted, when we got back to Agadez. Mike went off to fetch Aroutic El Rossi, the Tuareg guide who would see us across the terrible Tenere desert. Rossi was done up to his eyeballs in the dark blue burnous and cheche of his tribe. He was a rich man, said Mike, owning three wives and 700 camels. Once a khaiber, or leader of a camel caravan, Rossi had also been the chief guide for the French army's camel corps when they were still in the area. The Tuareg consider themselves "lords of the desert," still keep slaves to do manual labor, prefer tents to houses and are contemptuous of direct dealing in commerce. "It is a dying race," said Wellard, "but they are going out with style." No one knew where Rossi had acquired his Italian-sounding name. Amiable and bright, he looked like

a plump Flip Wilson. Rossi complained to Mike of an affliction of the eyes, and Dr. John diagnosed it as conjunctivitis. Burmeister threw up his hands.

"First we get George, who is never quite sure where the desert begins, now we've got a Targui to guide us across the Tenere, but he happens to be suffering from an acute case of blindness."

"I've got him on antibiotics," said Dr. John.

That evening Mike gave us a rundown on the trip, which was expected to take four days. "Use a minimum of water. There is only one well between Agadez and Bilma, our next oasis, a distance of 450 miles, and there is a dead animal at the bottom of it."

"Now we know what happened to the addax in the erg," said Burmeister.

We started out at daybreak. Rossi rode with Spike in the lorry, which was in the lead, peering through the windshield, occasionally glancing down to study sand ripples. At rest stops the crew played Frisbee, and we came across two nomads sitting in the sand playing a sort of checkers, using small hanks of camel dung and bits of salt. Once off the track, the terrain was easy to drive on. We made 200 miles the first day, arriving early the next morning at Aubre du Tenere, the Last Tree. It was seraway and twisted, kept alive by a small, sorry-looking well at which camels got their last drink before starting across the wasteland. Camel ticks, spiderlike insects with a nasty bite, crawled toward us. We stopped again, before lunch, to look for arrowheads, still there after 20,000 years, a link to the aborigines who hunted game when the Sahara was a fertile valley.

By late afternoon we were into the sand seas, and plunk, the truck and all the Land Rovers sank and stuck fast. Ladders attached to the sides of the Land Rovers were removed and planted under the wheels. They sank too and had to be dug out after the vehicle gunned its way over them, only to sink again. Perspiration, which usually evaporated as soon as it surfaced, now dripped as we slogged through the soft sand from one vehicle to the other, pushing and panting. George stopped pushing to take pictures.

"Lindblad likes me to take pictures," he said, though we had noticed that Lindblad's photos consisted largely of

continued

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camels posed against the setting sun. "I wouldn't call this much of a selling point," said Burmeister, sweating and pushing. Rossi stood nobly by, arms folded.

"Are you sure this is the place? It doesn't look like the brochure," said Burmeister, peering around at our desolate, sand-swept campsite when we stopped for the night.

"Where do we undress?" asked Evelyn. It was a dumb question.

We made it to Bilma the following afternoon, after only 2½ days. Robin had taken the prize for getting stuck in the sand—a total of six times.

George thanks it a miracle to stay at the Bilma Rest House. He says there is a better campsite with a nice stream farther along the track. Mike says it is a "swamp." Theo King says this is what happens when you have two leaders.

Bilma is an oasis situated behind sandstone escarpments, palmiers and gardens. It is famous for its salt mines and is a center for the forming of huge camel caravans, none of which formed as fast as the flies and mosquitoes.

"Once you get used to sand and flies in your food, you can hardly do without them," said Burmeister as we ate lunch on the porch of the Rest House, which came to be called the Pest House.

George is furious to discover that the crew has been harboring a secret refuge from hatched up to the governor. All this time he thought they were drinking hot beer.

The undercurrent of hostility between George and Mike now surfaced, and George approached the group with the suggestion of a "mutiny." The group responded with characteristic lethargy and the matter was dropped. Even the news that the crew was getting fresh eggs and beans for breakfast while we choked down porridge with powdered milk aroused no great antipathy, for the group by and large liked the crew, and there were obviously not enough locally bought fresh eggs to go around. On such tenuous threads do mutinies hang.

The brochure had said that the Terner "is subject to unpredictable sandstorms," and for once it was right. The next night a north wind came up, waking us before it was light. Sand lay over my sleeping bag like an extra blanket, filling my ears and stinging my eyes. The

Land Rovers, only a few feet away, were barely visible. When I sat up my pillow took off like a plump, pink-striped bird and disappeared in a vortex of sand. Pam leaped off her cot, and her mattress followed my pillow. Lannan caught a hat as it sailed past his bed.

We were to continue on our way, said Mike, once we were dressed and huddling in the lee of the Land Rovers, since Rossi felt confident he could find his way. Visibility was zero as we started off. The vehicles stayed close together, almost bumper to bumper. Dimly, Rossi could be seen sitting high in the truck, gesturing left, then right.

"Sand ripples generally point in a northeasterly direction," said Chris, "but how he finds his way when the sand is blowing about... incredible." By late afternoon the worst of it was over. We settled down for our last night on the desert. Hiroshi honored the occasion by taking strobe shots.

This is not an odorous tip. There is nothing odorous about sitting in Land Rovers day after day. I sometimes feel like a sack of laundry being hauled about from place to place. Tomorrow we move into another blasted hotel.

It was not as bad as all that. In Djanet we stayed in grass huts, boasting doors that locked and electric lights that sometimes went on. We ate in a restaurant high on a hill and were served couscous with goat meat, although Burmeister said it was camel hump.

Trist Suzanne to have more Arabs than the rest of us. I wrote in my journal after the first night. Suzanne complained that three Arabs had tried to get into her room. Pat Grandy said an Arab in a long white robe stood patiently outside her door most of the night. I had my own Arab to report. Having ventured out late that night to find the loo, I soon got lost, having left my only remaining workable flashlight in Bilma. Wandering around the empty courtyard I became aware of footsteps following mine. "Ça va?" said a voice. I saw nothing except the tip of a glowing cigarette behind me. "I am looking for my room," I said in French, and told him the number. Still invisible, he guided me back to my room.

"Merci, Monsieur," I said, and closed the door, my basic problem still unsolved. As I puzzled over what to do

next, there was a soft tap at the door.

"Ouvrez la porte," whispered the voice, and like a broken record it continued the entreaty. "Ouvrez la porte, ouvrez la porte." Receiving no response, my Arab then crept around to the window with the same soft plea. I said loudly, "Allez!" My Arab bowed, raised his hand in a sign of peace and disappeared. All was silence. I considered my problem. Should I venture forth again, or was he still out there lurking with his *oww: la porte?* Then the solution came to me. Robin had given me an extra canteen, and Burmeister had half-filled it with cognac. First I drank the cognac, then used the canteen and went tipily to bed. Necessity is the mother of all sorts of inventions.

"Show me this Monsieur La Porte and I'll hop him," said Robin.

Our last jaunt was to be a two-day trek into the Tassili Mountains. Hans and Suzanne stayed behind. Suzanne said she did not have proper hiking shoes. Hans said he did not have the stamina.

Out of the Land Rovers at last, we climbed up and over the rocky slopes to camp at 2,000 feet, preceded by donkeys carrying our equipment. Dr. Wellard took us to see cave paintings dating back to 8,000 B.C., and after dinner gave his usual erudite lecture to his usual inattentive audience, after which everyone went to bed in sleeping bags minus coats, perched on slabs of rock under the grotesque outcroppings of overhanging cliffs. The good old North wind came up that night, and by morning the temperature had unexpectedly dropped to 22°. We held cups of hot coffee with frozen fingers, then stumbled down the slopes, shivering in our lightweight clothes.

Our remaining hours in Djanet were taken up with packing and returning our expedition equipment.

Mike said, "Where is your pillow?"

"Blew away in the sand storm."

"Where is your flashlight?"

"In Bilma."

Robin said, "Where is my canteen?"

"In my room—uh—soaking." I had kept that part of the Arabic adventure to myself. We said goodbye to the Minitrekkers at the Djanet airport. We were sorry not to have seen the addax in the erg, but as Burmeister said, "Maybe the addax in the erg saw us."

END

"This is one we owed the President"

—Kenneth P. O'Donnell and David F. Powers

Kenneth O'Donnell and Dave Powers (the "Irish Mafia" as they were dubbed by White House correspondents) were JFK's closest companions and confidants for over fifteen years. They were at his side when he rang doorbells in Boston during his first campaign for the House in 1946, and at his side again in the tail of Air Force One as it returned him to Washington for the last time. As Bob Condit puts it,

"*Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye*" is the work of two men who were closer to the 35th President of the United States than anybody else except his wife and his brother Bobby... It captures the gossamer charm that was Kennedy's—his moods, mannerisms, and the relationship with his wife, children, father, mother, brothers and sisters. It is far more intimate than anything else that has been written about the star-crossed President. And much blunter... It is a book that seems with intimate dialogue, some bitter, some loving, all a part of the history of our times... We hardly knew him."

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The Cleveland Indian

In 1972 a \$9 million class-action suit was filed by the American Indian Center of Cleveland against the Cleveland Indians for using "Chief Wahoo" as a team symbol. Part of a coordinated movement planned against the Atlanta Braves, Washington Redskins, California Warriors and Kansas City Chiefs, the suit against the Cleveland Indians contended that the Chief Wahoo caricature created a "mocking and scornful" community attitude toward Indians, and compensation was demanded to the tune of \$6 million for slander, libel and defamation—plus \$3 million for damages. As of now the suit is still pending.

It is ironic, in a way, considering that the Cleveland team's name was given it by fans who wanted to honor the first American Indian to play major league baseball, Louis Sockalexis. His brief career covered only parts of three seasons at Cleveland (1897-99), but it left a legend of bright and lighted promise. John McGraw, that stern judge of diamond talent, once said of Sockalexis: "If Sock had stayed up for five years he could well have been better than Cobb, Wagner or Ruth."

Grandson to a chief of the Penobscot tribe, Louis Sockalexis was born in 1871 on a Maine reservation where, the story goes, he hit a baseball its entire length, then threw a ball across the Penobscot River. By his late teens the 200-pound 6-footer was a folk hero, his agility, power and speed setting area records. His ability bracketed all sports, but he particularly excelled at baseball. While still in high school he often gave pregame exhibitions to draw fans; once at Poland Springs he won a bet by throwing a ball from home plate clear out of the field, over two rows of houses and across a street. Mike (Doc) Powers, who later caught for Connie Mack's Athletics, saw that one and persuaded Sockalexis to attend Holy Cross.

Sock distinguished himself generally while in Worcester. As a freshman he won five track events at a campus meet—the 50- and 100-yard dashes, the broad jump, the hop skip and jump and, of course, the baseball throw. In 1895, play-

ing baseball for Holy Cross against the Springfield (Mass.) club in the old New England League, he pulled a play they still talk about. With one out, a runner on third and a 3-2 lead late in the game, a Springfield batter belted one. Playing shallow center field to cut off the tying run, Sock raced back and climbed the fence, reaching over to catch the ball. Almost in the same motion he whirled and fired it back to the plate, where his catcher caught the ball inches above the ground and tagged the runner out.

Sock hit .436 that year, with three home runs, 11 triples and nine doubles. In 1896 he hit .444 in 26 games, including a grand-slam homer against Brown University that broke a fourth-story dormitory window beyond the outfield. The *Haverhill Post*, which covered Holy Cross games, said that that season he hit a ball so far over the centerfielder's head that he scored before the man ever touched it.

Such heroics, in addition to a genial disposition and a good character, not only earned Sock a big following on the campus, it is said he inspired Maine-born Gilbert Patten to write his Frank Merriwell stories (under the pseudonym Burt L. Standish). Most of Patten's stories from 1896 on centered on Merriwell's adventures.

When Sock transferred to Notre Dame, his baseball reputation attracted a scout who signed him to play professionally with the Cleveland Forest City in the National League. Fifty fellow tribesmen attended his first home game, establishing themselves along the first-base line. They whooped it up as he hit two home runs, and after the game carried him off the field, but Sock did not really seem to need such special encouragement. He hit over .300 from the start, and hometown fans flocked to see him, filling the pews so regularly that the management, as yet uninfluenced by union regulations, tore up his \$1,300 contract and gave him a raise.

In 1897, his first year with Cleveland, he had 278 at bats and hit .338, with three homers, 42 RBIs, 16 stolen bases, 117

put-outs and 10 assists. He did not strike out once in 66 games. He appeared to have a great future. Then, late in the season during a series in Chicago, Cleveland was trailing by three runs in the ninth with the bases loaded and two down. Sock hit a grand-slam home run to put Cleveland ahead 4-3. In the last of the ninth Chicago had two on with two out when the batter drove a ball into the outfield. Playing shallow to cut off the tying run, Sock had to race back and far to the side, but he hurled himself parallel to the ground and made a one-handed catch in midair. It saved the game. Exulting Cleveland fans flooded the field, sweeping Sock up and carrying him off on their shoulders. They took him to a local taproom to celebrate, coaxing until he gave in and accepted his first drink. And that was the beginning of the end.

The fire consumed him. From then on he had to have whiskey, and he schemed and plotted overtime to get it. He neglected his health and started staying out all night. His manager, Patsy Tebeau, tried to bribe him by offering a guaranteed \$6,000 contract for 1898 and \$10,000 for the following year if he would abstain. It didn't help. Contrite, apologetic, genuinely ashamed, Sock made promises and meant them, but he was hooked. On the Fourth of July he celebrated the nation's independence by staying up all night drinking, and topped off his binge by leaping from a second-story window. Result: a broken foot. During the following season he made 16 outfield errors and finally had to be released. Afterward Patsy Tebeau would say, "Nobody ever heard of Cy Young when Sock was with us. No other player to my knowledge ever sacrificed so much on the altar of his appetite."

Sock sacrificed more than a career. On Dec. 24, 1913 he died in Burlington, Maine at the age of 41. The official cause of death was chronic alcoholism. They erected a monument to him on the reservation. A diamond-shaped marker there says, "This is the grave of the famous Louis Sockalexis who was the first Indian to become a major league baseball player."

Sock had broken into the big time with a whoop and a holler and faded out with a whimper. But the memory of what his brief moment meant to Cleveland's baseball fans will linger as long as the team's name, Indians. Maybe longer.

—KERRI HODGE ON



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KING OF THE SPORT

Sirs,

It makes horse sense that the feat (or feat) of Secretariat should earn him a nomination for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Sportman of the Year award. If it were up to me, there would be no neighbors about it. And he certainly would know how to take it in stride.

CHARLES RUBIN

Lincoln, Neb

Sirs,

Man o' War is dead. Long live Secretariat!

JULIA EVANS

Milwaukee

Sirs,

I am sure I am only one of many who will be fed up with the sport of kings after Secretariat is retired. Racetracks ask why their attendance continues to decline, but they must know the two reasons: 1) competing champions are given weights that cause them to lose to less-capable horses and 2) other potential champions are retired to stud before their prime.

In reality, horse racing is not the sport of kings—it isn't even a sport. It is a business venture for an elite group of Americans. Let's hear it for, say, football. Did the owners ever make John Ursas wear weights on his arm or force George Blanda into retirement?

NORMAN HALL

Huntington Beach, Calif

TWO-FOOTED GAME

Sirs,

As an avid lacrosse follower I appreciate your excellent coverage of the Maryland-Johns Hopkins NCAA championship game (*Nor Ounce a Terrapin Slew*, June 11). Your objectivity and thorough knowledge of the players and their abilities, coupled with outstanding color photographs, make the article the biggest boon to "the fastest game on two feet" since the NCAA initiated a play-off system three years ago.

NELSON E. COHEN

College Park, Md

Sirs,

The article and pictures devoted to the NCAA lacrosse finals were very much appreciated. However, we feel that two important aspects of the game were neglected.

The first was the brilliant man-down defense executed by Johns Hopkins. Although we are unfamiliar with the exact statistics, Hopkins' shorthanded defense thwarted Maryland's advantage at least 10 times, and we believe that this enabled Hopkins to keep the game close. At one stage a Hopkins defender stole the ball on two successive man-down situations and

cleared it to the attack via lengthy passes.

Second, much publicity has been given to Maryland's unbeatable face-off men. On that given Saturday, however, Hopkins did all right in that aspect of the game. It was evident Maryland was the better team, yet we feel due respect should be paid to Hopkins' man-down crew and face-off men.

GARY TOLMAN

RICH TOLMAN

STEVE TOLMAN

West Hartford, Conn.

Sirs,

It was a beautiful article on lacrosse, with exceptional photography.

But Cortland State won the College Division title with victories over Adelphi, Massachusetts, Hobart and Washington College. Shouldn't that have rated a line or two in *your* for the record section? Cortland was an NCAA University Division semifinalist in 1972, losing to the University of Virginia, and has had national ranking for the last several years.

E. J. LALLEY

Binghamton, N.Y.

Sirs,

As president of the company that designed and distributed those "Japanese-made ripple-soled shoes," I am appreciative of George Allen's recommendation and flattered by mention in your magazine. I do, however, feel it should be pointed out that the models on which "the soles fell off" were designed strictly for long-distance road training and not for lacrosse. We pride ourselves in designing shoes for specific purposes, and assure you that our soles do not fall off when the shoes are used for that purpose.

I would guess Allen's recommendation was for an experimental AstroTurf shoe that some of his players tested for us last fall and which is not available on the market. I think it is an interesting observation on modern communications that Maryland went from Allen's recommendation for AstroTurf shoes through our distance training shoes to our basketball shoes to win the national lacrosse championship. At any rate, I'm glad they won. And they are good shoes.

PHILIP H. KNOX

President

BRS Inc.

Heaverton, Ore

SAFE OR SORRY

Sirs,

I was pleased to read Robert F. Jones' honest and to-the-point account of the Indy 500 (*Indy's Sander Trial by Fire and Race*, June 11). I have one question concerning the facts presented. On the day of the first big crash

why did the official okay the start with such a ragged formation? It seems to me that particular crash might have been avoided if one more pace lap had been run to keep everyone in his proper row.

I hope someday the people concerned will realize what Memorial Day is really for. Otherwise, two Memorial Days will be needed, one for Indy 500 drivers.

JEFF MARGEN

Ventura, Calif

Sirs,

Gordon Johncock did not win the 1973 Indianapolis 500 so much as he survived it. Indeed, one wonders if the race had not been rained out whether anyone would have finished it. Only a third of the entries were still running with more than a third of the race yet to run.

Competition is the essence of sport. But the maiming of drivers and numerous mechanical failures have dulled the competition at Indy. The lust for speed has been at the expense of safety, and competition has suffered. I would suggest these changes for next year's race. Start the race with only two cars per row instead of the present three, prohibit lane changing in the first turn of the first lap, make roll cages surrounding and enclosing the driver mandatory on all cars and limit the fuel supply for each car to 100 gallons, thus slowing drivers to safer speeds on the track without hurting the competition during time trials. These changes should help save lives and keep more cars in the race.

MIKE EISLE

Broomfield, Colo.

Sirs,

Robert F. Jones' preview article on the Indianapolis qualifying (*The Deadly Wrath of Old Man Josh*, May 21) may have been romantically satisfying, but it was woefully inadequate in its service to the sport. To characterize the overt danger of the outdated Indy Speedway as a scene out of American mythology only serves to further steep "Old Man Indy" in false tradition and prestige, shielding it from any modernizing force.

NASCAR runs many of its events on modern super speedways, and in fact most of the other USAC stops are free of difficulties. They reroute the Monaco Grand Prix, perhaps the most prestigious of European road events, they cancel the Mille Miglia because of its many fatalities, but year after year we send good men into an incredibly dangerous situation without making the slightest change in Indy.

Those drivers try to race at 200 mph around a course that has remained essentially unchanged since 1911! Why? Because of the money and prestige. How ironic it is that

continued



Makin' friends Winnebago style.



When it's time for a little refreshment a Winnebago motor home can be there waiting. With a spacious lounge, a well-stocked galley and plenty of cool comfort—the kind that makes good company reluctant to leave.

Head for the beach this summer in America's favorite welcome wagon. A Winnebago motor home. Start making friends Winnebago style.

We give you more.

WINNEBAGO.

Every minute, someone dies of heart disease.

General Electric is doing something about it.

Last year, more than 650,000 men, women and children died of a heart attack.

Many of them, suddenly. Without warning.

Thousands could have been saved. If the disease had been diagnosed in time. If they had been helped in time.

Earlier diagnosis.

The sooner a doctor can diagnose heart trouble, the better the chance of survival.

GE has developed an X-ray camera that takes movies of the heart in action.

One thing that makes this camera possible is a technology pioneered by General Electric called image intensification. It allows the doctor to take sharp, clear X-ray movies using small amounts of radiation.

Second-by-second watch over heart-attack patients.

The first few hours after a heart attack are the most crucial.

GE has developed a new patient monitoring system that allows a nurse to keep second-by-second watch on all her patients. This system not only measures slight changes in a patient's condition, but it also can detect trends that could lead to trouble.

This system gives a medical team time to prevent deterioration in a patient's condition be-



fore it happens. It's estimated that coronary care monitoring equipment improves a heart patient's chance of survival by about 30%.

More time for surgery.

The invention of the heart-lung machine made it possible for doctors to operate on the heart for the first time.

Now GE has developed a

new device for heart-lung machines that gives doctors hours longer to operate. It gives them time never before possible to perform more complex heart surgery.

These are some of the ways GE is fighting heart disease.

It's the biggest killer in America today. General Electric is working to make it smaller.

Progress for People.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

the most watched motor racing event in America is the worst example of the sport.

We play World Series games at night now, we have a world-champion football team in Miami, but nobody raises a finger to correct the carnage in Indy. After all, it wouldn't be the same old Indy 500—it might be safe.

Mika Hoviv

New Britain, Conn.

Sirs,

I still thrill to a skillful pass out of a turn into the short stretch, to the capable use of drafting techniques, to the exacting precision of a 20-second pit stop and to the roar and rhythm of the Indianapolis 500. But I also fear. Near the 200-mph mark, how much of human skill is left behind and how much sheer luck rides with a driver? Is Indy the place to set land-speed records or is Bonneville? Is Indy the place to see how fast a racing distance can be completed or is an NHRA-sanctioned drag-strip the place? I express a bias, a strong prejudice, as an avid auto racing fan. I want to see an exhibition of consummate skill and safety, not the press of consuming speed destroying and maiming spectators, members of pit crews and racers like Art Pollard, Salt Walther and Swede Savage.

JOHN PETER III

Fittleton, Colo.

Sirs,

Allow me to call to the attention of your readers an article in the March 5 issue entitled *Going Racing Along a Distant Road* by Jackie Stewart and Gwyneth S. Brown in which Stewart notes, "The complete race course also is one that is as safe as can be."

How many deaths will it take before someone listens?

JOE RONDI

Kansas City, Mo.

SHAKESPEARE'S SHAFT

Sirs,

We have generally come to have confidence in your reporting accuracy and fairness to all parties in a situation. Unfortunately, you have given a rather shallow and distorted report on the graphite shaft in *Pinner Hitter Goes on Trial*, June 4. Please consider the following:

1) Shakespeare Company started work on graphite shafts more than five years ago, and Shakespeare's shafts were displayed at the PGA show in West Palm Beach in January 1972.

2) The shaft was designed as an outgrowth of Shakespeare's more than 20 years of experience in glass fiber applications. Graphite fibers, however, have many physical properties that are far superior to glass for aviation applications. In order to utilize these properties, Shakespeare used computer simulations and other extensive sophisticated

research techniques. As a result the Shakespeare shaft has a completely unique flexural pattern, high torsional rigidity and consistency of manufacturing quality that comes only from years of experience.

3) Shakespeare's shaft is used by many touring pros whom we don't mention for the simple reason that practically every touring professional is under contract to a golf club manufacturer and has a responsibility to use and endorse that company's products.

4) Shakespeare Company is the largest producer of graphite shafts in the world.

5) There is nothing magic about graphite shafts. Our shaft is considerably stiffer and lighter in weight than any known shaft of any material on the market. However a golfer still has to swing the club. Because of its properties it offers the golfer a more consistent opportunity to perform better and enjoy the game in a greater extent.

B. J. LAYNE
Vice-President
Sports Products Group
Shakespeare Company

Columbia, S.C.

Sirs,

I didn't have "to leaf through my old high school physics book" to be reminded that force is the product of weight (more properly, mass) and velocity, because it ain't. That's momentum. Force is the product of mass and acceleration. Force and momentum are different dimensionally.

But Gwyneth Brown's article on the graphite shaft had a lot of force, because he had momentum going for him.

JULIAN B. GRAFF

La Jolla, Calif.

MEMORABILIA

Sirs:

Pat Jordan's *Big Six*, *Big Dreads* (June 13) ranks—along with John Underwood's *A Brief Search for America* (May 4, 1970)—as one of the most extraordinarily sensitive and accurate pieces of reporting and writing ever to appear in your or any other magazine. Articles such as these are the epitome of journalism in its finest and highest form. Keep it up.

CRAIG CALLAWAY

Hawthorne, Calif.

Sirs,

I thoroughly enjoyed Pat Jordan's article concerning a young pitcher on a Class D minor-league team. It showed that the road to the big leagues is clearly a long and oftentimes painful one.

JOHN GOODMAN

Edison, N.J.

Sirs,

As present groundskeepers of Cibola Stadium we thoroughly enjoyed your article on

continued

Dependability
is not just a word
with us...



it's a way of life.

CROSS
SINCE 1845

Fine Writing Instruments



Caprice.

For people who want the finer things of life while they're young enough to enjoy driving them.

Perhaps you've said to yourself, I'll buy the luxury car I've always wanted when the kids are grown up or when I get my next promotion. We say, you shouldn't have to wait. Caprice offers the luxury you want—now. Caprice's ride, for example, is even smoother, quieter and more comfortable than you'd imagine a Chevrolet could be. And it compares favorably, in spaciousness, in styling, in other important categories with some of the most expensive cars you can buy. You can wait for a luxury car, or you can have it now. Caprice from Chevrolet.

Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.

Chevrolet

GM

MADE IN MICHIGAN

••King of the Surf••



How good it is

Winston tastes good,
when a cigarette should.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

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20 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.